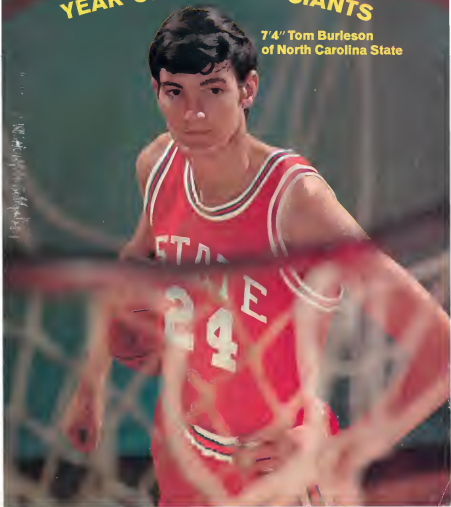


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Sports Illustrated

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Next week

A BONANZA of gridiron action occurs over Thanksgiving weekend as Nebraska-Oklahoma and Alabama-Auburn battle for No. 1. Dan Jenkins and Pat Patnam observe the fun.

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Norm Bendell, Artist:
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Jackie R. Norman, O.R. Hospital Tech: "I told the man in the camera store that I was strictly an amateur. But wanted a camera that would give me professional results. He smiled. Handled me the Yashica Electro-35. And I've been smiling ever since. It's really fantastic! It makes me look like a 'pro'!"



Peggy Ristelhueber, Secretary: "I looked at a lot of cameras before choosing the Electro-35. What I particularly like about it is that I get bright, clear pictures every shot. And it's as simple to use as the first camera I owned."



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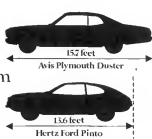
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SHOPWALK

Being an advance look at what a Yuletide gift guide is recommending for this year

The following was recorded recently in a Baskin-Robbins ice-cream parlor in a Middle Western American city. This seemed like a good time to publish it.

- Q What is your name?
A Marvin. I don't use a last name.
Q Could you tell us what you do?
A I'm a gift maven. I tell a certain party what to give people at Christmas.
Q Who is that?
A I'm not supposed to say.
Q Could you give us a hint?
A He has a long gift list. He wears a beard and he stays out of sight.
Q Howard Hughes?
A No, I'll tell you. Santa Claus.
Q You advise Santa on gifts?
A You think he gets his ideas from TV?
Q How long have you been with him?
A Counting this Christmas, 479 years.
Q Were you always a gift maven?
A No, I started out on the assembly line like everybody else. That was 1492. Big year for beads and trinkets.

Q Do you handle all his gift problems?
A We split it up. I handle sports and games.

Q What will the hot items be this year?
A The old favorites, of course—bikes and footballs, Monopoly sets, hockey sticks.

Q Anything new?
A Well, in the indoors field I found an interesting line of ecology games in the J. C. Penney catalog—things like Population and Senog and Dirty Water—for \$9.95 each. You can even get kits to analyze water and air. Ought to be very big this season in places like Pawsie and L.A.

Q What's the tidiest gift you found?
A That's a tough one. Some lady in Alaska has a line of native jewelry made from moose leavings, if you know what I mean. Can you imagine paying \$175 for moose leavings?

Q What else?
A If you have any golfers on your list, you might consider giving them their very own movie of the U.S. Open—Nicklaus at Baltusrol, Jacklin at Hazeltine, Trevino at Merion. They're 16-mm. prints and are sold by the U.S. Golf Association, 40 East 38th St., New York City 10016. Cost between \$100 and \$350. You can also rent them if you live in the New York area.

Q Anything for fishermen?
A Would you be baiting me? The fishing-tackle industry goes crazy at Christmas. Out in California there's an outfit called Sports Liquidators—get it? Fishing, water, liquid....

Q We get it.
A Yeah, well, they've got this fishhook

continued



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SHOPWALK Illustrated

sneller and knot tier for \$1. It does clinch, barrel and blood knots, loops, drop loops, tapered leaders and it also splices line. Just the thing for a fisherman with a broken line. You could write to Box 733, Dept. FFG, Sun Valley, Calif. 91352.

And Santa went absolutely wild over this one—a pop-up signal for ice fishermen that goes off when a fish strikes. Works even in below-zero temperatures. You can adjust it for the size and type of fish. You get it from the Worth Company, Dept. FFG, Stevens Point, Wis. 54481. Costs \$5.49. I predict a lot of smoked halibut around the North Pole this spring.

Q How about hunters?

A Would you ecology fans believe an elephant-skin briefcase? Also an elephant hair charm bracelet for the little woman, hung with golden heads of elephant, Cape buffalo, sable antelope, lion and greater koodoo. The briefcase goes for \$96.50. Charming the little lady will cost you \$235, plus a postage stamp to Klineburger, Jonas Brothers, 1507 12th Ave., Seattle, Wash. 98122.

Q You don't think that's a little rich?

A It beats moose droppings. But what would you say to a camouflage kit that makes any boat into a portable duck blind for \$29.95? Sven, our dwarf in St. Paul, says you can get it from the L-Z Company there, at 1881 Rue St., Zip 55101.

Q Has he tried it?

A Nope. He's a tennis buff. Wanted to play at Forest Hills but it's closed to anybody under 3'7". He did send us a note about a miniature green-felt court he picked up. It's got a freestanding net and goes on any tabletop, floor or patio. Great for indoor sports, if their wives aren't too fussy about the crockery. The set includes four rackets and six balls. We ordered 4,016,249 of them for this year. They go for \$10, plus 50¢ postage, at Tennis Anyone? Box 321, Northfield, Ill. 60093.

Q Have you finished your ice cream? It's getting dark outside.

A Dark? Hey, I got just the thing for people afraid of the dark. It's called Coolite, and it's just out. It works on the same principle as the firefly—no batteries, heat, smoke, flame or any of that junk. Two liquid chemicals get mixed together when you bend this plastic tube and break a glass vial inside. The tube lights up like a green fluorescent light. Goes for three hours. Great for survival kits, campers, skin divers. Only \$1.49 each, from the Coolite people at 455 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022.

Q Thanks for the tips. It certainly looks like a sporting Yukonite. We'll all be in tening for the old sleighbells...

A Don't listen too hard. We're thinking of switching to a golf cart. Blitzen has a bowed tendon and...

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

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When I become a lady,
I think I'm going to like every
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He uses English Leather.
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English Leather, too.
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All my men wear English
Leather. Every one of them.
Except Rick.
He's my baby brother.

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A hungry child is a lot more concerned with getting a good meal than with getting a good grade.

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you get a lot to like.



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We took The Equity Corporation, a 36-year old holding company with a complicated structure, merged its major components, and transformed it into a modern operating company with a simplified structure.

All within eighteen months.

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We are a new company.

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And cash and equivalents of \$25 million. But most important, our divisions have major positions in the markets they're in.

And our business is in growth markets: environmental control, and communications systems.

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It has air pollution control systems operating in virtually every country of Europe and South America; Japan, India, Australia, Korea, Taiwan, New Zealand, South West Africa, Israel, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia, as well as the United States.

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Our paper operations under the Frye name are a major factor in the credit card forms millions of individuals sign each day throughout the world.

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HP-210

You see, being Sony we have an advantage. Since we make all our intricate parts, we have more control over the quality of our stereos than those other manufacturers who don't. On top of that, we've been putting stereos together long enough to know how to do it right.

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So the next time you're in a store where they're sold, try one out. And don't worry about your "The-only-good-stereo-is-a-complicated-stereo" friends.

If they're not impressed when they hear you bought a compact stereo, just let them hear the compact stereo you bought.

SONY



HP-610

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRAMER

WRITING ON A WALL

The cheapness of the card stunts executed by Southern California's cheering section at the USC-UCLA game last Saturday was broadcast by nationwide television, although no one quite knows why. Certainly, college humor has always been callow—similar quasi-obscenities were coming out of collegiate grandstands long before television—but that does not mean the casual TV watcher at home has to be smothered by the heavy-handed vulgarities that impress some children as wit. It is not a matter of television censorship but, rather, one of directorial judgment.

OLD 5.5

Phase II of President Nixon's economic program has a direct and serious bearing on professional sport. Its basic premise says that increases in salaries should be held to a 5.5% maximum, but the peculiar earning pattern in sport makes such a guideline unrealistic and impractical. Even if 5.5 is applied to a payroll as a whole, with individual raises distributed under that blanket, it would be difficult to accommodate the often extreme but nonetheless justified jumps in salary. Salary increases are often designed to pay the employee for work he is expected to do; in professional sport a salary increase is for work done in the past, specifically the previous season. In few occupations can an employee's productivity be as precisely measured, and as directly rewarded, as in sport.

An extreme example of the impracticality of the 5.5 rule in sport is the case of Vida Blue. Blue was paid something like \$13,500 in 1971, a fair salary for a second-year man but a terrible one for the best player in the league, which Blue turned out to be. President Nixon acknowledged this when, joking with Blue, he called him the most underpaid player in sport. Is it realistic to expect Blue to settle for a \$750 raise? Of course not. But is it any more practical to expect other members of the vic-

torious Oakland A's to take no raises—or even to accept cuts—in order to allow the 200% or 300% increase in salary that Blue deserves?

It was not the President's intention to shackle the competitive aspect of free enterprise. Professional sport, by its very nature, is based on lively competition among individuals. It will be unfortunate if the Phase II administrators adhere bureaucratically to a rule that would prohibit the rewarding of accomplishment in sport.

THE HEISMAN GIMMICK

Polls to decide who or what is best in sport are generally nonsense, but a few of them have created so much interest over the years that they take on a patina of validity. One of these is the Heisman Trophy, which for more than 35 years has been awarded annually to the man who is voted the outstanding college football player of the year. No matter how arbitrary the selection occasionally is, the question of who gets the Heisman is important to football and the trophy is an honored one.

It is sad, then, to consider the tasteless way the announcing of the Heisman winner was handled this year. The Downtown Athletic Club of New York, which awards the trophy, worked out an arrangement to make the announcement from an ABC-TV studio during halftime of the Georgia-Georgia Tech telecast on Thanksgiving night. It is hard to believe, but they even went along with the banal Academy Award device of running in an accounting firm and a sealed envelope, to be dramatically opened with a cornball announcement like "And the winner is . . . !"

One elderly Downtown A.C. member, a former president of the group, called it a sellout to television. Younger members denied this, pointing out that the modest fee received from ABC is earmarked for charity. All Downtown wanted was wider exposure for their hallowed trophy. The ABC people did not seek

out the Heisman, but when it was laid in their laps they reacted predictably, as TV people will. Make it part of a package, baby. Let's see what needs hyping up. Nebraska-Oklahoma on Thanksgiving afternoon? Never. That'll have outsize ratings, anyway. Auburn-Alabama Saturday afternoon? Nope, that's another winner. Listen, put it on that Thanksgiving night football telecast. The turkey in that time slot bombed last year. Maybe the Heisman will help.

And so a distinguished football trophy becomes a TV gimmick. Way to go, Downtown A.C. Hang in there, ABC.

AN AMUSING LITTLE GAME

Perhaps it is time, now that a few months have passed to allow the excitement of the season to calm down, to talk a little about one of the more successful aggregations in sport: Oxford University's wine-tasting team. Oxford's cricket 11 had a bad year, its crew was swamped by Cambridge in the famous Boat Race and its tennis squad was a bust. Against this background of disaster the wine tast-



ers rose to the heights, knocking off wine-tasting societies from the suburbs of London and from other universities before crushing Cambridge 381 to 240. We would like to tell you how the score of 381 to 240 was arrived at, but cannot, since wine tasting is all very esoteric. But as the contestants sniff and sip (and spit out) the various wines, they are supposed to name the country of origin, the area, the village, the vineyard, the vintage and, ultimately, the precise name of the wine. Whether they have to decide whether the grapes grew on the

continued

shady or the sunny side of the slopes is not entirely clear. In most matches, the tasters attempt to classify five white wines and five red wines.

Sarah Stewart-Brown, the only woman ever to taste in an Oxford-Cambridge wine showdown, says team members stay in shape off season by traveling extensively in wine-growing regions, sometimes sipping away from morning till night. "It takes memory and a great deal of drinking to develop your palate," says Miss Stewart-Brown. "Of course, no one gets drunk. You spit the wine out after each taste. One aims vaguely at great silver spittoons."

ON NO

Japan's famous slugger, Sadaharu Oh (51, March 29), has revised his thinking about major league baseball in the U.S. after seeing the Baltimore Orioles in action during the American League champions' recent visit to the Orient. "When the Dodgers came here in 1966 and the Cardinals in 1968, I felt I could play with the Americans," Oh said through an interpreter. "But after facing the Orioles, I think it would be difficult. They are very, very strong." He was equally candid about Japanese baseball in general. "It will be a long time before we reach the level of the Americans," he said. "Maybe never. Physically, they are stronger than we are. We are trying to close the gap, but it is very wide yet."

DOCTOR'S NIGHT OUT

This is not to imply that she ever got the least bit out of shape, but Tenley Albright, the first American woman to win the world championship in figure skating (1953, 1955) and Olympic gold medalist (1956), is back in training. So are ex-champs Hayes and David Jenkins and 1960's top Olympian, Carol Heiss, who is married to Hayes Jenkins. Plus, as they always say, a star-studded cast of others, every one a winner.

The oldtimers will highlight the U.S. Figure Skating Association's golden jubilee winking this Monday night at Madison Square Garden in New York. The fund-raising benefit will include the 1971 U.S. figure-skating team and every other skater around who ever was anybody in the sport, except for Peggy Fleming, who is taping a TV show in Europe.

Showing up for a night of nostalgia is fine, but the proposed format for the

jubilee really got to Tenley Albright. The oldtimers, presumably creaky with age, were supposed to be pushed around the ice on sleds while they sat there quietly, waving sedately to the crowd. Tenley, who is 36, married, a mother of three and a busy surgeon as well, decided she wasn't that creaky. She can still fit into her old skating costumes, though "they look kind of old-fashioned," and all she needed was a new routine and a little time away from the operating table.

The Jenkins boys and Carol Heiss, who felt the same way, are also spinning the sled, and will appear on ice together in a trio act. Tenley will do a solo, worked around a *Pink Panther* theme. That's showing them, Dr. T. Get out there and cut 'em up.

SPEED TRIP

Word comes that Dan Gurney, the racing driver, and Writer Brock Yates recently drove a Ferrari Daytona from New York to Los Angeles in 35 hours 54 minutes. It was sort of a race—other teams essayed the same course—and the Gurney-Yates car won by averaging nearly 82 mph for the 2,925-mile trip "without ever exceeding 175 mph."

In one way it sounds like fun, especially to those who have taken a long, dreary week to make the coast-to-coast trip. In another way it sounds deplorable, especially to those who, holding at 70 on an open highway, have been scared half to death by a car whomping past as though they were standing still. And we sure hope no one tried to cross the road.

LABOR NEWS

The Harlem Globetrotters became Globepickets last week when 15 of the 19 players went on strike, forcing cancellation of a game in Port Huron, Mich. Money was the big bone of contention—Trotter rookies, for example, said they made only \$7,800 a year compared to \$12,000 and \$16,000 for first-year men in the ABA and NBA. But there were complaints, too, about the lack of meal money, about pensions and even about uniforms. "Every night I come back to the hotel and wash my uniform by hand," said Frank Stephens, a six-year veteran from Virginia State. "And they call this a first-class organization."

George Gillett, who runs the Globetrotters, did not question the players' facts on salaries and meal money, but

argued that it was oversimplification. "They didn't want a pension plan," he said. "They voted for stock options instead, and we gave them half a million dollars worth. These guys stand to collect anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000 each in stock—and they're complaining." He indignantly rejected the uniform charge. "I'll send them seven uniforms right now, a new one for every day of the week."

Whoever is right, the Trotter situation is a far cry from the way things were in the early days of the team. When the late Abe Saperstein began touring the Midwest in 1927, he packed his five players and himself into a Model-T Ford, and each night he would divide the gate receipts seven ways—one share for himself, one for each player and one for the car.

SMALL PRINT

Chris-Craft and Pacemaker have both announced that they will give boat buyers the option of selecting Ford's new gas-turbine engines in some of next year's models. The gas turbine needs no cooling system and can burn furnace oil, jet fuel, liquefied gas or nonlead gasoline. Exhaust is said to be much cleaner, and there is almost no odor, little vibration and practically no noise. It is considerably smaller than the conventional engine, half as heavy and so simple in design that one man with a wrench can replace malfunctioning parts. One other thing you ought to know: selecting the gas-turbine engine in place of a comparable diesel adds about \$15,000 to the sticker price.

THEY SAID IT

- Dan Derrne, Green Bay Packer coach, after his team lost 3-0 in Minneapolis: "This is an unbelievable place. I come into town and all I hear is about all the problems the Vikings have. They've lost six games in three years. In Bud Grant they have probably the best coach in pro football. All their tickets are sold to all their games. They have a great team. I wouldn't mind having some of their problems."

- Red Schoendienst, recently rehired St. Louis Cardinal manager, on why the Cards must win the pennant next season: "My wife Mary is sore at me because she hasn't been at the microphone to sing the national anthem in the World Series since 1968."

END



How to share a true bourbon:



Bring out two glasses. Some ice.
Maybe some mix. Or maybe not, because a
true bourbon like Ten High sips smooth
and friendly mixed or on its own.

*Mixed or straight
it's great.*

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Now, get comfortable.

Share your Ten High slow
and easy, the way it
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took Hiram Walker at least four
years to make it so smooth and amiable.

You can take your time enjoying it.

*Take your
time.*



TEN HIGH

Everything a bourbon should be.
(Except expensive)

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 26, 1971

LAST HURRAH



OF A GALLANT SPORT



They held an Irish wake for steeplechasing last week, an exuberant celebration of the jumping game—of what it once was and what it could be. The sport seems moribund in the U.S., killed this month when Belmont Park and Aqueduct, the tracks that had supported it for 75 years, announced they no longer would. But on Saturday, in the piney woods of South Carolina, steeplechasing had its Indian summer. Some 15,000 people gathered for the \$100,000 Colonial Cup, the second richest race of its kind in the world. On this crisp, sunny afternoon, the country's best jumpers hurtled the hedges after the big prize—and perhaps an ultimate chance for fame.

CONTINUED



Wustenehof (31) eventually would throw his jockey, but the other riders cling to their mounts through shock and then. Above, Top Bid, who





was the race in 1976, plows along, up to his ears in hedges: Dream Magic sends sticks flying, while front-runner Tingle Creek jumps cleanly.

LAST HURRAH *continued*

He had been a good horse, so good last year that his owner, Martha Jenney, had his name cut in diamonds. But Inkslinger, at four, seemed to have no dazzle and dash. He had won only one race, a \$2,000 event, and had little to show for his other efforts but a pulled shoulder muscle. It was not surprising that in the Colonial Cup interest was focused elsewhere. The favorite in the field of 15 was Shadow Brook, winner of four stakes this season. There was support, too, for Soothsayer, owned by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, on whose Camden estate the race was being run, and for Top Bid, ridden by champion jockey Joe Aitchison.

When the flag dropped at the start of the two-mile 6½-furlong race, Tingle Creek moved smartly to the front. Tommy Carberry, the jockey who had come from Ireland especially to ride Inkslinger, kept the bay gelding near the pace. Meanwhile, Soothsayer, Top Bid and Shadow Brook shuffled back and forth in the middle of the pack. At the 13th fence (there were 17) these three began their challenge. Tingle Creek was stopping. Soothsayer and Inkslinger passed him at the last hedge. The two horses fought desperately to the finish and Inkslinger won by a dwindling neck. As blonde Martha Jenney accepted the winner's trophy, her bracelet glittered; had she been asked right then, she might have claimed that Inkslinger was a girl's best friend.

—WHITNEY TOWER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL SEDER AND JERRY COCKE



At three, the winner was diamond worthy. At four, he solidly was good as gold.



After trailing Soothsayer over the final fence, Inkslinger (7) edged him in the stretch duel.



IRISH STEW FOR LSU

Welcomed with a roar from the stands and at the goal line in Baton Rouge, Notre Dame found itself the entree in a Tiger feast **by WILLIAM F. REED**

Before the long-awaited game down in the bayou country of Louisiana, Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian had tended to shrug off all those horror stories about what often happens to a visiting team in that hellhole known as Tiger Stadium. In his usual cool, analytical way, Parseghian pointed out that the Irish played in front of large, hostile crowds wherever they went, so he did not see any reason why LSU at home should be any worse than, say, Texas in the Cotton Bowl or USC in the Los Angeles Coliseum. After all, remember, this was Notre Dame—worldly Notre Dame—not some giddy little team that was apt to fall apart at the first chant of “Tiger bait, Tiger bait.”

When Parseghian expressed these sentiments shortly after arriving in Baton Rouge, some felt he was grossly underestimating the spirit with which the bayou country—and the LSU team—was approaching Notre Dame. To understand that you first must know that there are almost as many Catholics in southern Louisiana as there are LSU

fans, and many of them are included in the Tigers’ large, hysterical following. Also, more than a few of LSU’s players came from high schools with names like Baton Rouge Catholic, Shreveport Jesuit and even Notre Dame of Crowley. Some had come to LSU four years ago just for the chance to play against Notre Dame. And so, since the Irish had edged LSU 3-0 last year in a memorable defensive struggle at South Bend, it was safe to assume that the Tigers and their fans were spoiling for a chance to get even on their own turf, before a national TV audience. As early as last summer all tickets were gone and bumper stickers inscribed **GO TO HELL, NOTRE DAME** could be found all around the LSU campus.

The excitement and anticipation hadn’t abated a bit last week, even though both teams had long since lost a chance for top national ranking or a major bowl bid. The Irish had been defeated only once, by USC 28-14, but in this year of ultra unbeaten teams, that one disaster was enough to relegate them

to the lower reaches of the top 10 and out of the bowl scouts’ hearts. So rather than play in, say, the Gator Bowl, the Notre Dame players last week voted not to accept any bids.

Meanwhile, LSU, with a 6-3 record, was poised to accept a bid from the Sun Bowl in El Paso and thankful to get even that. All season the Tigers had been plagued by misfortune and stretches of ineptness. First, Colorado upset them at home in their opener. Then, in the second game, Tommy Casanova, the tall, handsome All-America cornerback, was sidelined with a hamstring injury. An expert runner, defender and punt returner, Casanova was considered a strong Heisman candidate, perhaps the best all-round athlete in college football. With Casanova out of the lineup, the Tigers were upset by Ole Miss 24-22. The next week he was back, but playing at less than full speed, and Alabama beat the Tigers 14-7. Since this was LSU’s second home loss of the year, maybe Parseghian had reason to think that Tiger Stadium was just another bowl of concrete and steel.

But Casanova was fit and ready for the Irish, and everyone was looking forward to his duel with Tom Gatewood, Notre Dame’s brilliant split end. Last year Casanova held Gatewood to only 21 yards on four receptions. Unfortunately, some people remembered that less than his missed interception late in the game that paved the way for Notre Dame’s winning field goal. “It was right in my hands,” said Casanova, nervously cracking his knuckles as he recalled the incident again. “I’ve made that catch 100 times since then.”

Everything finally came to a head on a chilly Saturday night. By kickoff time the 68,000 fans had worked themselves into a howling frenzy that was excessive even by Tiger Stadium standards. The Irish went nowhere on their first possession and punted to LSU at the Tiger 23. A murmur went through the crowd when junior Bert Jones trotted out to run the offense, because Jones had not started a game since LSU’s opening loss. But he still was LSU’s best passer and Coach Charlie McClendon felt that if the Tigers could not run against Notre Dame’s fearsome defense, perhaps they could throw. After a six-yard gain by Art Cantrell, Jones went to the air and—behind excellent protection that was to hold up most of the game—he hit Split

Back Andy Hamilton, his good friend and first cousin, for 36 yards and a first down on the Notre Dame 35. Three plays later Hamilton, LSU's alltime leading receiver, slipped behind Notre Dame's zone coverage again and once more Jones found him. Taking the pass without breaking stride, Hamilton sauntered into the end zone and it was 7-0 LSU with less than three minutes gone.

The next time the Tigers had the ball, however, Jones fumbled and End Fred Swendsen recovered for the Irish at the LSU 36. What followed was one of those magical things that happen to teams in Tiger Stadium. Sophomore Quarterback Cliff Brown quickly moved the Irish to the one-inch line but on fourth down Andy Huff was stopped and thrown back by the left side of LSU's defensive line. Ever heard 68,000 people scream at once? On the sideline, Parseghian's face wrinkled into a painful frown. The Cotton Bowl was never like this.

In the second quarter Notre Dame threatened twice more but each time LSU pushed the Irish back. On a fourth and one at the Tiger 10 Brown was thrown for a loss by Cornerback Norm Hodgins. And later, with a fourth and one at the LSU three, Brown's intended pass

to Larry Parker was just beyond his outstretched arms. By this time the crowd was delirious, but there was more to come. With only 1:30 left in the half, LSU's Warren Capone intercepted a Brown pass and returned to the Irish 32. On the next play Jones dropped back and had enough time to pump twice before hitting cousin Andy wide open at the Irish 15. Hamilton strolled leisurely into the end zone and LSU went to the dressing room with a 14-0 lead.

After that it was strictly an Irish debacle. Late in the third quarter, Hodgins recovered a Brown fumble for LSU and six plays later Jones, who is not supposed to be a runner, went off left tackle for the touchdown that blew the game open.

The Tigers lost their shutout in the last period when Gatewood leaped high to take a pass from Brown just over the straining fingertips of Casanova. But overall Tommy won their duel. That pass was one of seven Gatewood caught all night, but the only one off Casanova in one-on-one situations. And early in the last quarter Casanova had made a circus interception, leaping in front of Gatewood in the end zone for a one-handed catch.

Right after Notre Dame's touchdown, the Tigers drove back to score again with only 20 seconds left in the game. The clincher was a 13-yard pass from Paul Lyons to Hamilton, who once more had managed to get away from Notre Dame's Clarence Ellis. The extra point made the score 28-8, Parseghian's worst loss as Notre Dame coach. As the game ended, a swarm of Cajuns mobbed their team, stripping Jones and Hamilton of their jerseys.

In his office, amid all sorts of stuffed tigers and Tiger portraits, McClendon was jubilant as he accepted congratulations. "Man, we stopped everything that Notre Dame had going for 'em," he said. "We were the first team to score against them in the second half. We wanted to do that. It kind of got to be an obsession with us."

Over in a quiet Notre Dame dressing room Parseghian stubbornly insisted that the "tremendous crowd noise had no effect on me or my players." When that was reported to McClendon, the potato-faced coach winked. "Well, I'll bet they never played in a place where the fans are so close up," he said. "And where they are so, uh, en-thu-si-as-tic."

He didn't get any takers.

END

Having lost his jersey to souvenir hunters, LSU's star receiver, Andy Hamilton, gets the rough treatment from a hysterical Tiger Stadium throng.



GOT TO LOOK GOOD TO ALLAH

Muhammad Ali, the compassionate, has his old skills, but the will to kill has waned by **TEX MAULE**

Muhammad Ali can be as good a fighter as he ever was. The five fights he has had in the year or so since the end of his involuntary retirement have scoured away the rust of 3½ years of inactivity; against blubbery Buster Mathis last week in Houston's Astrodome, he moved with the old graceful speed afoot that is his trademark. He easily avoided the long punches Mathis whaled away with, leaning just far enough to escape them by inches. Both his left hand and his short right-hand chop were quick and accurate.

Yet the punches had no real sting, not because Ali has lost his power, but because he seems to have lost the desire to use it. He knocked Mathis down four times in the 11th and 12th rounds and he won by a unanimous decision, but he fought with compassion in a business that requires a measure of cruelty.

During the first 10 rounds, all of them dull, Mathis plodded doggedly after Ali, occasionally trying a leaping left hook that made him look ridiculous, as if he were an oversruffed Floyd Patterson. Ali avoided most of these wild swings, but one of them bounced off the top of his head when he was against the ropes near Mathis' corner and Joe Fariello, Mathis' trainer, screamed, "He's hurt, Buster. He's hurt!" Ali looked at Fariello, winked and moved easily out of punching range.

In the 11th round Mathis was still forcing the fight, lumbering after Ali energetically enough. If he was tired, he didn't show it until late in the round,



when Ali hit him with a short, chopping right on the side of the jaw and he dropped to his hands and knees, shaking the ring with the weight of his fall. He was on his feet again at the count of eight, legs rubbery and eyes glassy, and Ali hit him with a volley of punches, the last a right hand that landed on the top of Buster's head and drove him to the floor again. This combination was thrown almost reluctantly, none of the punches fired with the real power Ali possesses when he wants to use it. Certainly none of them was strong enough to deck Mathis had he been fresh. The bell saved Buster at the count of four this time and his cornermen dragged him back to his stool and labored over him. Later, Fariello admitted that he wanted to throw in the towel.

"I knew he couldn't defend himself," Fariello said. "He was tired and he was still dazed when the bell rang and I asked the referee to stop the fight if he saw Buster could not defend himself."

This was evident at the start of the 12th round. When Buster stood up, he staggered a couple of steps to his left before he caught himself and moved toward Ali. Ali reached out a long left and tapped Mathis rapidly on the forehead, like a man knocking on a door. Even these feathery punches made Buster's legs wobble, and when Muhammad hit him with a gentle right hand he went down again.

He struggled to his feet and Ali flicked him lightly with the left hand as he staggered around the ring and again hit him with the caressing right, and Buster was down. To his credit, the big man hauled himself up yet once more and tried to return to the attack while Ali patted him even more gently with the left and did not throw the right, although in Ali's corner Angelo Dundee, his trainer, was yelling, "Take him out, damn it, Ali! Take him out."

Later in the dressing room Ali defended his lack of a killer instinct. "I don't care about all them people yelling, 'Kill him!'" he said, his voice raspy and raucous when he imitated the fans. "I see the man in front of me, his eyes all glassy and his head rolling around [he wailed his eyes and slumped in his chair and waggled his head drunkenly].

How do I know just how hard to hit him to knock him out and not hurt him? I don't care about looking good to the fans or to Angelo. I got to look good to God. I mean Allah."

He mopped his face with the towel and looked around at the writers.

"I got to sleep good at night," he said. "How am I goin' to sleep if I just killed a man in front of his wife and son just to satisfy you writers?"

"Do you think you're in the wrong business?" asked one of the writers.

Ali looked at the questioner soberly for long moments before he replied.

"Yes, I am," he said quietly. "I been watching fights on television and thinking what's the sense two men getting up there and beating each other up for other people to watch. We got enough killing and hurting in the world. What we need is peace. If there was something else I could do, I'd do it. I'll quit after I whip Frazier. That is, if he can fight me. I beat him up so bad the last time he went to the hospital and I just hope he's well enough to fight me again."

"Would you have carried Frazier the way you carried Mathis?"

Ali nodded slowly.

"I would have carried any man, white or black, even Frazier," he said. "I won. That's the big thing that counts, not bustin' a man."

Someone pointed out that in previous fights, notably against Floyd Patterson and Ernie Terrell, he had not been kind. In both fights he unmercifully beat almost helpless opponents, carrying them for reasons of cruelty, not kindness.

"Them was the days of the draft thing and the religion thing and black against white, all that," Ali said. "Now them days have gone forever. I don't need to do like I did then. I'm more educated and more civilized."

The only flashes of the old Ali at this fight came in some of his preflight shenanigans, when he was taunting Mathis. Once he popped into Mathis' dressing room at the Astorhall, where the fighters trained, and slammed the door shut. Mathis was lying naked on a rubbering table behind a flimsy partition, and Ali held his finger up to his lips, then picked up a steel chair and threw it against the screen. The partition fell, revealing Mathis, looking like a beached whale, to a surprised and interested crowd of a couple of hundred spectators on hand to watch the workout.

The spectators didn't get to watch Ali work out the day before the fight. He didn't bother, although at 227 he was the heaviest he has ever been. He feels he is at his peak physically, but does not expect to stay that way. "Right now I'm at my best at 29, but from now on I'm going to be going downhill," he said, philosophically.

Oddly enough, the fight was probably more satisfying to Mathis than it was to Ali. Mathis wept in his corner when it was over and was consoled by Ali. Then he wept again in his dressing room, but a couple of hours after the fight, when he had had time to think about it and reflect upon his performance, he was relatively happy. He had vindicated himself, he felt, and ended what must have been 2½ very unhappy years after he was badly beaten by Jerry Quarry in a fight in which he showed no great ability and no great courage.

"Nobody can call me a dog anymore," he said. "I gave it all I had. I know I can fight and someday I'm gonna be the champion." His face was unmarked, except for a slight puffiness around the eyes, which may have come more from the weeping than from anything Ali hit him with.

Certainly no one could call him a dog. He fought with unlimited courage and some skill and if the skill grows to match the courage, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that one day he could win the championship.

Someone asked Mathis what Ali hit him with in the 11th round, when he went down for the first time.

"Exhaustion," Mathis said.

A couple of days after the fight Dundee was back in Miami Beach, at the Fifth Street Gym. Ali had signed to fight a German heavyweight named Jürgen Blin in Zurich on Dec. 16, continuing the bum of the month campaign he seems to have embarked upon while awaiting a rematch with Frazier.

Asked when Ali would begin training for the Blin fight, Dundee shook his head. "I don't know," he answered. "He was in good shape at 227 and could be at his best with three weeks hard training. But I'll expect him when I see him."

If exhaustion really did Mathis in, en-mai and a growing concern with the finer things in life may eventually whip Muhammad Ali. His brilliant career now seems likely to end not with a bang, but a shrug.

END

Ali sinks one into the Mathis bladder, and later felt obligated to gently knock him down.

HEADING THEM OFF AT THE PASS

Los Angeles intercepted four of John Brodie's aeriats—three by the ubiquitous Gene Howard—to defeat the San Francisco 49ers and go into the lead in the National Conference's Western Division

by RON FIMRITE

The Los Angeles Rams have this profitable approach to giving and receiving—they are generous, but never to a fault, and they will take whatever is given them. The San Francisco 49ers, whom the Rams displaced last weekend as leaders of the National Football Conference's Western Division, adhere much more closely to Christian doctrine. They are givers, not receivers.

In whipping the 49ers 17-6 before a crowd of 80,050 in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the Rams gave up yards—382 of them—but not touchdowns. The 49ers gave up only 173 yards, but they also gave away the football game. Not that the Rams didn't deserve it. As their canny middle linebacker, Marlin McKeever, explained afterward, "We may have bent

a little, but we held when we needed to."

Bending a little, but never breaking, is the Rams' defensive philosophy; they are prepared to yield short yardage in favor of shutting off the long gamers. This is a tactic particularly useful against teams like the 49ers—and the Rams' Thanksgiving Day opponents, the Dallas Cowboys—which enjoy throwing the long ball. The Rams, with their fierce rush and intimidating zone defenses, see to it that the ball is kept in front of them, where it belongs.

"They are playing a lot more zone," said the beleaguered 49er quarterback, John Brodie, who completed 23 of 40 passes for 286 yards. "and their pass rush keeps the zone from being exploit-

ed. The rush restricts the length of the pass pattern."

"The zone defense," said the 49ers' fine young receiver, Gene Washington, who caught five passes for 86 yards against it, "should be outlawed, and for the same reasons professional basketball outlawed it. It's taken all the color out of the game. There's no way you can throw long against it. And who wants to watch a 3-0 game?"

Or, for that matter, a 17-6 game, if you happen to be the loser.

Ultimately, of course, the 49ers lost because they gave up the ball four times on interceptions, and they now trail the Rams by half a game with four left to play. Of the interceptions, one was returned for a Ram touchdown and another both prevented a 49er touchdown and propelled the sputtering Ram offense on its only touchdown drive of the afternoon. The remaining two were simply freaks, each bouncing off 49er receivers into the hands of Ram cornerback Gene Howard, whom Los Angeles acquired only this year in a trade with New Orleans. Howard had become a 49er nemesis. In the first regular-season meeting between the two teams, he scooped up a San Francisco fumble and ran it in for a touchdown. And in their exhibition game he ran a kickoff back 103 yards for another score. Sunday he had three of the four interceptions—the two rebounds and a leaping theft in the end zone of a second-quarter Brodie pass intended for Gene Washington.

"Washington just ran a deep pattern into my zone," Howard recalled. "I was playing the deep zone, so I was there. I was thinking about him going long. Anyone you play against anyone like him, you got to be thinking a lot about him."

Succumbing to the entreaties of his teammates, Howard ran the ball out of the end zone instead of taking the touch-



Before the game, a jubilant Brodie manhandles his son Bill, while daughter Cammie looks on

back, and he reached the Rams' 32-yard line. From there Los Angeles went 68 yards in only five plays. Roman Gabriel passing 13 yards to Jack Snow for the touchdown. It was an uncommon display of offensive brilliance on this predominantly defensive day for the Rams.

The Los Angeles defense got the other touchdown all by itself. With 40 seconds remaining in the half and the ball on his own 21, Brodie unwisely tried a sideline pass to Preston Riley, a reserve wide receiver substituting for the injured Dick Witcher. Jim Nettles, the other Ram cornerback, jumped deftly in front of Riley, snatched the ball away from him and ran 29 yards untouched into the end zone. That, essentially, was the ball game, since scoring in the second half was limited to a 49-yard field goal by the Rams' Duval Ray.

The 49ers, meanwhile, were advancing uselessly up and down the field. It took them 15 plays from their own 23-yard line to set up one Bruce Gossett field goal of 20 yards and nine plays for another of 26 yards. It was the first time in 11 games the 49ers have not scored a touchdown against the Rams, and the first time in four years they have not scored one against anybody.

There were other indignities, too. In addition to the interceptions, Brodie was penalized twice for intentionally grounding the ball and once for hitting an ineligible receiver. Tackle Cas Bonaszek, on the back of the helmet. And though Brodie was tackled while attempting to pass only once, two of his passes were halted down at or behind the line of scrimmage—both, curiously, in the first quarter.

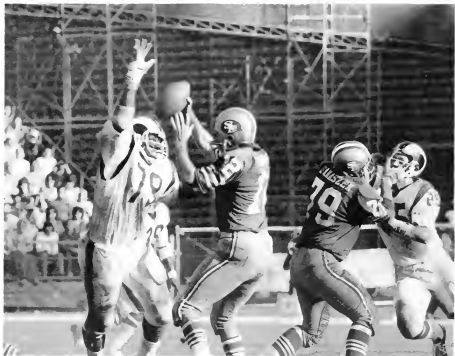
"Who cares if we sack him?" said an exultant Deacon Jones. "They got no touchdowns."

"Yes," said Jones' coach, Tommy Prothro, "but we'll have to do something about those field goals." This was Prothro's biggest win since he left UCLA earlier this year to replace George Allen as the Rams' head coach. He was obviously enjoying himself.

Brodie wasn't the only 49er misadventurer. Bruce Taylor fumbled one punt and returned another for minus-nine yards. His fellow kick returner, Johnny Fuller, signaled for a fair catch on yet another punt, then, having caught it fairly, ran it back, costing his team a five-yard penalty. The rules clearly state that you don't run with a fair catch, but few of the 49ers were thinking clearly. For example, San Francisco was also penal-

continued

During the game, a sacker Brodie is about to be manhandled by Coy Bacon, while Cas Bonaszek has his hands full with Jack Youngblood.



ized 15 yards twice on the same play for Brodie grounding the ball intentionally and then for Center Forrest Blue complaining about the penalty in an unsportsmanlike manner. All told, the 49ers were penalized nine times for 108 yards.

It was that kind of day, and it has been that kind of season for the 49ers. In fact, until last year, when they won the division championship—their first title of any kind in the NFL—they had had that kind of history. The quinquennial 49er game is considered to be the 1957 playoff for the Western Conference championship with Detroit. The 49ers were leading 27-7 in the third quarter. They lost 31-27. This was the game that established them in the eyes of their beholders as players who could never win the big ones—not even the little big ones.



Gene Howard intercepts a pass that has popped out of the hands of Preston Riley

The true 49er fan has always been a kind of wistful pessimist, one who hopes for the best but knows in his withered little heart he'll get the worst. Last year it looked as if the best might happen after all. The 49ers beat Minnesota in the first playoff round—and on the Vikings' frozen turf. But, true to form, they lost to Dallas for the conference championship.

When Dick Nolan moved to San Francisco four years ago from his assistant's job at Dallas to become the 49ers' sixth head coach, he set about quietly trying to lift that old mood of despair. Nolan is a no-nonsense fellow who attends to every detail. One of these was rebuilding a winning attitude in players who were beginning to look as long-faced as the fans. Although he is withdrawn in public gatherings, Nolan does seem to have the ability to inspire his athletes.

"I'm just glad I got to play for this man," says Defensive Tackle Charlie Krueger, who has played for four 49er coaches. "In any organization it's the little things that sometimes count. And he takes care of them. I just study the way he does things."

Nolan does have a smooth organization, but he is being undone this year by little things, like turnovers. Last year he worked hard at eliminating the fumbles and interceptions that brought the 49ers to grief for so many seasons. And he succeeded. Brodie was intercepted only 10 times in 1970, and the team lost only 15 fumbles. The opposition, meanwhile, was losing the ball to the 49ers 42 times, a turnover-plus of 17 for San Francisco. Ah, but this year! In only 10 games the 49ers have been intercepted 21 times and have lost 17 fumbles. They have given the ball to the opposition 16 more times than they have taken it away.

"If we didn't have to play out of offense," said San Francisco Broadcaster Lon Simmons in an off-the-air aside, "we'd have a string of 0-0 ties."

The man who must shoulder the burden of the turnaround turnaround is Brodie. His protection can scarcely be faulted. He has been sacked only nine times, and yet he has thrown all those interceptions. Nolan insists, however, that Brodie is not having a bad year. Any quarterback who throws the ball as often as Brodie does—303 times already—

will have interceptions, he protests. Last season was merely an exception.

"Starr and Unitas had a lot of interceptions in their good years, too," Nolan said before last weekend's debacle. "And Starr didn't throw half as many passes as Brodie. There is no doubt about it, John is one of the best."

In 15 years as a 49er, Brodie has learned to live with criticism. As the 49er quarterback with the longest tenure, he obviously has the distinction of being the most booed man in the team's history. "They hoo Brodie in grocery stores," said one fan several seasons back. "Membership in my organization has doubled," the founder and president of the John Brodie Fan Club of Northern California, James S. Todt, once boasted, "to live."

Superficially, at least, Brodie seems unmoved by derision. He seems too cool to be moved by anything short of Deacon Jones in a dark alley. Brodie is glib, charming, a 1950s-style big man on campus. He is, in the opinion of his intimates, however, a far more complex person, an introspective man who worries about his responsibilities, his confidence, his performance.

"He's the most complicated man I've ever known," says Gene Washington, who is not only Brodie's favorite receiver but his room mate and close friend as well. "He's a very private person. He's very proud. No braggart, just proud. I like to think of myself as a competitive person, but I can do some things just for fun. John's got to win at everything. He's a good winner, but not a good loser."

The outer Brodie seemed to be a good enough loser after Sunday's game, even if the inner one was seething. "There ain't any secrets in this game," he said, waiting patiently for the team bus to remove him from the scene of the crime. "You got to get the ball in the end zone. They don't give credit for yards gained. I think we're just going to have to take a long look at ourselves. This thing isn't over yet."

What the 49ers see after their long look won't be as pleasing, surely, as what the Rams will be seeing of themselves in the game films—if, on a short work week, they have any time for narcissism.

"That's the best game we've played all year," Prothro said afterward, "I

continued



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think we've progressed with each game. We really haven't had a bad one all year. And there aren't many teams who can say that."

The Rams' passing attack did improve notably in this second 49er game. In the first game, in San Francisco, with Gabriel sidelined for three quarters with a slight concussion, they completed only two of 12 passes for a net loss of 18 yards. Sunday they completed five of 16 for 49 yards. That's a total gain of 31 yards passing in two games against the 49ers, both victories. Obviously, you can win in this league without the pass.

The Rams, at any rate, are not frightening anyone with their attack. In the early season Gabriel was unable to throw with his accustomed velocity because of sore ribs. He was also working with a new wide receiver, Lance Rentzel, obtained from the Dallas Cowboys. And, finally, it took him awhile to get the hang of Prothro's pass offense. "I'm still learning it," said Gabriel. "The pass protection is different, and now I'm responsible for calling the pass routes, not just the play. There are five people to think about. Sometimes it's hard remembering everything."

With the sort of defense his team is playing, Gabriel needn't be overly distressed by an occasional memory lapse. Both the Rams and the 49ers played bruising football. "It was the hardest-hitting game I've ever been on the sidelines in," said Prothro, inimitably.

But Ram-49er games tend to be that way. And they also seem to be just a bit more than games. There is about them that familiar clash in life-styles inherent in any conflict between Los Angeles and San Francisco. There may be rivalries between teams as intense as this one, but there have been few between cities that will stand comparison. There is nothing even remotely similar about the two communities—politically, physically or meteorologically.

San Francisco is compact, cool, beautiful and very much in love with itself. Los Angeles is sprawling, warm and a little defensive. The rivalry naturally extends to the playing fields, although it may be felt more by the fans than the players. Still, even the most mercenary among them must be able to sense that there is something distinctly different

about a game between teams representing these two old antagonists.

Actually, the two football organizations have much in common. When the late Dan Reeves moved his Cleveland Rams west for the 1946 season and the late Tony Morabito opened shop for the 49ers the same year in San Francisco, they pioneered major league professional sports on the West Coast. The teams did not actually meet on the field until 1950 when the 49ers were absorbed into the National Football League from the defunct All-America Conference, but in that very first decade their competition became one of the hottest in sports. In 1957 and 1958, crowds of 102,368 and 95,082 watched them play. The crowds are smaller now, but only because the Coliseum itself has shrunk from remodeling. Sunday's attendance actually exceeded the listed Coliseum capacity of 76,000.

There is also a kind of endearing folksiness to both the Ram and 49er operations. The convivial Reeves always regarded his team as an occasionally errant stepchild. The family feeling is even stronger in San Francisco, where the majority owners are the widows of the Morabito brothers, Tony and Vic. And, with Lou Spadia as president, there is a distinctly Italian flavor to the organization. Spadia, in fact, made a pilgrimage this past summer to his ancestral home in Northern Italy. There, for the first time, he met his cousins, most of whom were familiar with him only through photographs in football programs sent to the old country by Spadia's mother. American football, however, is not a major sport in the Piemonte, and the programs served only to confuse the family as to the exact nature of cousin Louis' occupation.

One day Spadia was approached by a family representative, "Loonie," the man began, resting a familiar hand on Spadia's shoulder, "we can see you are in excellent health, but you are also a man of more than 50 years. Now I see from these books your mother sends that the men in the pictures are all very young, very big and very strong. We are all worried about you. Loonie, don't you think you should give up this game?"

The season is not over yet, but one more game like Sunday's, and cousin Louis might do just that.

END

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Though he does his level best to talk himself out of business—warning bettors they will lose—a British bookie keeps cashing in

IT'S MONEY IN THE BANK

by **TEX MAULE**

A betting shop is a license to manufacture money," said the man with long orange hair, red face and bright blue eyes. "There is no way for anyone but the professionals and the government to make money betting on horses."

You might expect such a statement from a Baptist minister or an official of Gamblers Anonymous, the betting equivalent of Alcoholics Anonymous, but in fact it came from John Banks, a young Scot who is one of the biggest individual bookmakers in England and easily the most controversial.

He was sitting in the living room of his new \$150,000 home in Sunningdale, a town southwest of London in the brokers' belt. The seven-bedroom house came with four acres of manicured English gardens, heated swimming pool, tennis court and nine-hole putting green.

"Aye, lad, I mean that," Banks went on, looking around the big room, which is furnished in antique splendor. "You don't think I bought this place by diggin' ditches, do you? It's the punsters who have bought it for me and I tell them so. They like for a bookmaker to be honest with them. I keep telling the public this and there's no harm in telling them. They love me for it and I have become the most popular book ever in the history of gambling."





OPERATING out of a bag containing thousands at Kington Park, John Banks raids at gamblers from his perch. The day over, he pockets the profit and is driven home in his Rolls.

Modesty is not one of Banks' more notable virtues.

"I wouldn't want you to think me immodest," he went on. "I think of myself as realistic. Bookmaking is show business and that's how I play it. You have to put yourself in the public eye and I do that."

He paused to answer the telephone and listened briefly.

"Come up in the morning," he said. "My man will meet you at the Sunningdale station. You will recognize him because he will be driving a gold Rolls-Royce." John Banks also owns a blue Mercedes and his own airplane. He put down the phone and took a sip of black coffee.

"Last night, for instance, I was at the track working in Tattersalls, and the

other books had the favorite in a race odds on and I went even. I was taking in money hand over fist and all the time I was saying to the public, 'You're mad, that horse can't win. I've got a pipeline from my satchel to the bank in Sunningdale. Let's keep it flowing.' And when the horse got beat, they were not mad at me. They liked me for being honest with them. They don't like it when the book pulls a long face and bewails the fact that he's losing money because they know it is not true. A bookmaker who does not make money should be castrated. He must be daft."

Whatever he is, John Banks is not daft. He was raised in the tenement district of Glasgow, where his father was a painter and sprayer and, of course, a punter. Banks' home was not an impoverished one, but he was not raised in the lap of luxury either. He developed his interest in betting early on.

"I was 11 at the time," he said, "and it was on a Saturday. I was on my way

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERRY CRANHAM

to the football ground and my father stopped me. 'John, my boy,' he said, 'will you lay this seven bob for me with my bookie?' I didn't mind, because there was a bookie who worked the corner across the way, but Dad did not want me to lay the bet with him. This was in the old days, before the bookmakers were licensed, they operated illegally, the way they do in the States."

His wife came in, bringing him a tray with his breakfast. Anne-Marie is a dark, attractive woman. His 27 racehorses are registered in her name.

"Thank you, dear," he said, then went on with his story.

"I grumbled a bit when Dad told me not to take the bet to the book on the corner nor to the book on the next corner, either. In those days, if the book had a bad day, he would disappear and lay low until he was able to move his operation to another part of the city. Dad had been doing business with a bookie who was about a mile away and I had to take the bet to him because he was known to be honest."

"Every Saturday after that, I'd take my father's few bob to the bookmaker, and the book would give me two bob as an incentive to bring him more bets. From then on I'd remind Dad if he didn't make his bet, saying, 'Come on, Dad, what's your bet?' and I decided after a while that any business that had as much money as that flying about, I wanted to be in."

Banks quit school at 15 and became a messenger boy for a Glasgow bookie, but after two months on the job he told his employer he wanted to be more than a runner. Thereafter, he worked as a clerk in a shop, learning the business, and at 26 he went on his own with \$250 in capital.

"I was always a great backer of horses myself," Banks said. "So I traveled all over England and Scotland for a year, betting horses, and at the end of the year I had accumulated \$55,000 and I opened a credit book." A credit book is just what it sounds like: a betting shop which offers credit to its customers.

"When I started, I could not understand why some bookies would not offer certain bets, so I offered them myself and in a year I had lost the \$55,000. I

continued

couldn't understand how I had lost so much money so fast, so I sat down and went over the year and sorted out the mistakes I had made. I have never made them since."

He had finished his breakfast and he put aside the tray, stood up and glanced at his watch. "Eleven-thirty," he said. "We had better be off." He stopped in a closet on his way to the door and came out carrying a six-inch-thick packet of 10- and 20-pound notes, holding them as casually as if they were a pack of cigarettes. "I'll take the Mercedes," he said to Anne-Marie.

He was going to Brighton on this cold, gray day, for a race meeting there. Brighton is an hour and a half drive from Sunningdale, but Gordon, Banks' graying chauffeur, would probably have made it in a good deal less without the bank stop, which required some 30 minutes since the clerk had to count the thick wad of bills.

"I've only been driving for Mr. Banks for a year," Gordon said while waiting for his employer outside the small National Westminster branch bank in Sunningdale. "He does cut things a bit fine, you know, likes to go very fast because he has so many places to go. Had my first speeding ticket in 36 years as a chauffeur driving for Mr. Banks. And my first ride in an airplane when he had me fly up to Glasgow to drive back one of the cars."

Banks has covered as many as three meetings in one day, flying to them in his private plane. "I'm glad we have the Mercedes today," Gordon said. "We have to make time and the Rolls is a bit dicey if the going is wet. This one is a marvel in any weather."

After Banks returned, Gordon set off for Brighton as if entered in a Grand Prix; he had once been chauffeur for a racing driver, and the background showed. Somehow he managed to avoid getting his second speeding ticket in 36 years and arrived at the track well before the 2 p.m. first race.

"I couldn't get a place in Tattersalls here," Banks said. "I'm on the rail, which I don't like nearly so well."

The bookies at tracks in England operate in a line of small stands, many of them in a section called Tattersalls. The transactions are in cash, the bookie paying money out of a leather satchel hanging from the stand that supports the blackboard where he chalks

the odds he offers. The odds can vary considerably from bookie to bookie, so that the punters wander up and down the line, shopping for the best odds on their choice.

At Brighton, Banks' stand was alongside a fence that separates public and private enclosures; with him were the giants of British bookmaking—Ladbroke's, Hill's and several others. These are credit bookies, and they usually handle much larger bets than the individual bookies in Tattersalls.

Banks was dressed conservatively, as befits a book on the rail, wearing a dark suit, white shirt with lace insets on the front, a black tie and black shoes. Incongruously, he had jammed a crumpled black hat on his head. The hat seemed at least two sizes too small, and the bookie's shoulder-length, orange-red hair and red face, turning a bit blue in the dark cold, made him look like a small coal fire smoldering under a little black pot.

He chatted amicably with his confreres while one of his employees took wagers. Now and then Banks would walk off to the side with a customer and discuss a large bet at some length, no money changing hands when the odds had been struck. Just before post time four or five men stood on stands made by stacking little wooden boxes one atop the other, three or four high. It made for a precarious perch, but the men atop them were wigwagging vigorously toward the bookies in Tattersalls, each one looking for all the world like a third-base coach putting on a double steal.

"Those are the tic-tac men," Banks explained. "They're giving the other books the odds they're laying here on the rail and taking what action the individual books want to lay off. It operates something like semaphore."

When the horses broke from the starting gate for the first race, Banks clambered up by the rail and watched them through binoculars, his face emotionless. The track at Brighton is laid out in a huge crescent, unlike the customary American oval, and the horses started at the far tip of the crescent, finishing with a long run up a hill in front of the grandstand. Without binoculars, they seemed the size of ants, growing quickly as they pounded to the finish line, hoofbeats curiously muffled on the thick grass of the track.

During the course of the afternoon

Banks watched six races—the customary number at an English track—all of them with the same enigmatic composure. When the day ended, he had quite a few pounds in hand and Gordon drove him home to Sunningdale; on other, busier days, he might have flown off to work at a night meeting. "He's very good about coming home, though," Anne-Marie had said. "Sometimes he does not get here till the wee hours, but he always comes."

On this afternoon, given the late fall of night in England in the summer, he had time for a set of tennis on his court. He plays tennis industriously and well enough, the same way he plays the baby-grand piano in the big living room.

On the music rack of the piano were "Beringer's School of Easy Classics," "The 100 Best Short Classics" and "Classic and Romantic Selections for the Piano."

"I don't play those," Banks said. "My daughter does. She is a very fine pianist. Me, I can only play by ear. I picked it up as a lad when my brother was taking lessons."

He was pleased with his take at the track and knew that the 27 betting shops he owns in Glasgow probably had a good day, too. "The betting shops make money relentlessly," he said. "The other bookies do not like it when I say things like that. The first time I said that a betting shop was a license to manufacture money, they all fell on me in a rage and declared that it was absolute rubbish. But it is true."

A bookie like Banks makes money, not by the built-in advantage of the vigorish which an American bookie has, but by skill and the ability to balance his books in the continuing hurly-burly of the betting ring. "To be a good bookmaker and a successful one," Banks said, "you must know the business from A to Zed. Me, I know it from A to Zed and from Zed to A. I know it well enough to make money betting with other bookies. I should say that I clear well over \$50,000 a year just by betting myself."

Since betting winnings are not liable to income tax in Britain, that represents a great deal of money. But Banks' income is much vaster; he pays some \$200,000 in personal income tax.

"The bets I make, I make personally," he said with relish, his blue eyes bright and happy. "It's my split-second judgment against the professionals. And I

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have a great deal more information than the punter at the track. I have two telephones here in the house, one for my regular business and the other I'll not tell you about, but I get information from all over England. My telephone bill for the house—not for my office in Glasgow, mind you, but here in Sunningdale—was \$1,125 for the first three months of this year. I know what I'm doing when I lay a few bob."

If he feels that the race is such an open one that everyone knows as much about it as he does, he does not bet. "I have myself a cup of coffee," he said.

In the last 10 years Banks has built an enormous following among the inveterate punters of England; certainly, although he is a pygmy among the giants of English bookmaking, he is easily the best-known bookie in the land. "I make news," he said comfortably. "I am one of the small group in racing, people like Lester Piggott [England's Willie Shoemaker] who make news each time they sneeze. And I like to give reporters a story when they're casting about for something to write. Yesterday one of them asked me about odds on the Epsom Derby and I told him I was making book on which horse would finish last. Now that will be splashed about in the papers today and I'll have more than a few quid on the books on last place." He did have considerable money wagered on last place: it helped defray the bad day he had at Epsom when the overwhelming favorite, Mill Reef, won the race, contributing to a rare losing afternoon for Banks.

Banks does not make money as an owner, although his sizable stable probably comes close to breaking even. Once, after one of his horses had lost, he told the sporting press that he was going to sell his string. He laughed thinking of the stir that had caused. "It was a bit of a lark to make news," he said. "The horses are in Anne-Marie's name for the most part, but I never meant to sell the lot. It was just a way to get some publicity. Like the time I bought Hill House."

The Hill House affair caused a monumental flap in British racing circles. "It was the greatest story in the history of turf," said Banks expansively. "Hill House was not a very good horse. He would win now and then between very modest performances. Then he won the Schweppes Gold Trophy race, a good

jumping handicap, after three really terrible performances. He won by 15 lengths and the public started booing when he cleared the last jump, he was so far ahead. "They tested the animal and found he had been injected with cortisone, but the trainer said that the horse manufactured his own cortisone in the excitement of the race. So the stewards sent the horse to Newmarket for two weeks and ran him every day and he did, indeed, produce cortisone, so they let off everybody involved."

When Hill House was offered for sale a little later, Banks bought him for \$32,000. "The racing authorities were shocked," he said laughing. "Here was a self-doping horse, owned by a bookmaker. They came to me and said, 'John Banks, this cannot be.' And I said to them, 'Well, then, I have paid \$32,000 for this horse and if it cannot be, then I will sell him to you for \$50,000.' And they said no." Banks kept the remarkable Hill House and ran him 10 times.

"He never won a race for me," Banks said, "nor came close to doing so. But eight times, after he had finished down the track, they brought him in and tested him for cortisone. He never produced a drop. Finally I sold him for \$3,750, but if another horse like him was to come up tomorrow, I'd buy him. He was worth a great deal to me. I got pockets of publicity. I was on the telly six times and I don't know how many times on the radio. Someone at the time said I should be tested, not the horse. Now, about what happened at Newmarket, when he did produce cortisone, I know nothing. I did not own the horse. But I suspect there must have been some villainy. I cannot say that, but the horse never produced any cortisone for me."

Two days later Banks was at Kempton Park, a track not far from London. This time he was in Tattersalls, standing on a stack of boxes near his own board, chaffing the punters and chalking up the odds on each race. Banks was a much different man in Tattersalls now that he was in direct contact with ordinary punters. He laughed and joked with them and attracted by far the biggest crowd around his stand, which was located at the end of the line.

In keeping with his somewhat more plebeian station, Banks was dressed flashily, wearing a light gray, checked suit, the same lace-front-type shirt with a blue tie and, again, the disreputable

small black hat, which sat rather timidly atop his head.

A William Hill employee came over to the stand. He was a handsome man, prematurely gray, who looked something like Gregory Peck, impeccably tailored and enormously self-assured.

"Here, here," said Banks, peering down from his pile of boxes. "Who is this we have here? Danny LaRue? [LaRue is London's most famous female impersonator.] Back off there, lad. Back off, William Hill. We want no disreputable characters about here. Move right to the back, lad."

"Now, John," said the William Hill man. "Now, John. You had best watch your odds carefully, not chivy me. You have the favorite even, he should be odds on."

"He'll be even when the race starts," said John, loudly enough for the small crowd to hear him.

"Would you bet on that?" "Not with a man from William Hill," said Banks, and the crowd laughed.

For the next 10 or 15 minutes, Banks was busy booking bets, adjusting the odds on his blackboard every few moments. The bets were all cash, and Banks made change from the leather satchel hanging from his stand. On a big race day he may have as much as \$60,000 stuffed in the satchel.

An elderly lady, neatly dressed and dignified, approached him before the start of the second race, before Banks had chalked up his starting odds. She fumbled in a large bag, then produced two pounds. "Two pounds on Richboy to win," she said, almost inaudibly. Banks took the money and looked at her affectionately.

"I haven't posted the odds," he said. "Would you take 5 to 1, madam?"

"Yes," she said, "if you think it fair."

"Then it will be 6 to 1," said Banks.

He took a small card from a stack on his stand and handed it to her, and a clerk, with a large ruled pad, listed the bet and the odds and the number of the card. When Banks chalked up the odds later Richboy was 9 to 2, and by the time the race went off he was 7 to 2. Richboy lost to a long shot, so the lady did not cash her ticket. Payouts take place after a race is declared official.

"In my shops in Glasgow I pay on first past the post," Banks explained. "I don't take inquiries into account. That is the off-course way. But here, we

continued

must pay on the official order of finish."

One bettor collected over 200 pounds on the winner, which Banks paid out quickly, counting the pound notes almost faster than the eye could follow. "Aye, that's a large packet of money for a punter," he said, giving the man his winnings. "That's too thick for a punter, man."

"Twice come back to you, John," the man said. "It always does, in time."

"Aye," said Banks. "The notes know where to find a cozy home."

A shabbily dressed man with cheeks gone red from frost and chilblains sidled up to the front of the stand and watched as Banks chalked odds. "Have you had a winner yet?" Banks inquired, and the man shook his head.

"That I have not, John," he said. "But I will do. I will do." He put 10 bob on the favorite, and Banks took the bet as seriously as he had a wager of 100 pounds a few moments earlier.

Later, with the other books quoting the favorite in a race at 7 to 4, Banks had the same price chalked on his board, but offered the horse orally at 2 to 1, bringing a rush of punters. By the time the race had started, he had taken in something over \$10,000 on the horse; the other books had considerably less. The favorite ran a bad third.

"It was a good enough day," a judicious Banks said after the final race. "But then most days are. I have had better; last year in three days at Cheltenham, I handled over a quarter of a million dollars, and I profited by about \$35,000. But then I have had very bad days, too. Haven't we all?"

Ironically, his worst day came on the heels of one of the best bits of inside information.

"I'll never forget that," said Banks. "Not that I brood over my losses. But there was a horse called Persian War who had been champion hurdler for four years. Or he had been for three years and it was coming up the fourth."

Banks heard from one of his informants, who include trainers, jockeys and grooms, that Persian War had something wrong with his wind.

"I did not try to hide the fact," Banks said. "In fact, I went on the telly with the owner half an hour before the race, and during the program the owner told the man on TV that the horse was well. 'You're not telling the truth,' I said to him. 'That horse's wind is bad and you

should tell the public the truth.' He wasn't half mad."

Banks went out on a limb and booked over \$100,000 in bets on the horse, at better odds than any other book offered. "Persian War came down the stretch lengths to the good," Banks said. "Then he gave way suddenly 100 yards from the finish, but he still managed to win the race and cost me \$100,000. The information was right, but the timing was 100 yards off."

Once Banks stood to lose \$320,000 on one race, the Lincoln Handicap. The money had been bet on the favorite, Prince de Galles, ridden by Lester Piggott. Luckily, Prince de Galles hung in the stretch and lost by half a length to a horse named New Chapter.

In last June's Epsom Derby, Mill Reef's victory cost Banks a good deal of money. For this meeting, Banks wore a morning coat and striped trousers, but he was still in Tattersalls and working directly with the punters. He booked \$50,000 on the Derby and had a losing day, but it did not disturb him.

"This is the day for the once-a-year punters," he said. "I lost the equivalent of \$20,000 on Mill Reef at Epsom and more than that in the shops, but it made a lot of punters happy, didn't it?"

Strangely enough, the pari-mutuel windows at the race meetings where Banks is active are almost deserted. At Brighton, Kempton Park and Epsom, for example, crowds of horseplayers huddled around the bookies in Tattersalls even though the bettor in England has 6% deducted from his winnings with a bookie and only 5% in the tote.

"The pari-mutuels do not offer good enough odds," said Banks. "Most of the time the punter can get a better shade of odds from one of the books than he will in the tote." Banks went down a program from the previous day, citing the odds the pari-mutuels had paid against those offered by the bookies, and in four of the six races the punter did better wagering with the bookies.

A few days later an advertisement for the tote appeared in a London paper and cited precisely the opposite statistics for last season and for the first three months of this season. But it is unlikely that any amount of advertising will seduce English bettors away from the bookies.

For one thing, they will never get the kind of action a bookie like Banks of-

fers them. He has, at one time or another, made bets on whether or not it would snow on a given Feb. 5, on general elections, on the winners of a dancing contest, on when man would reach the moon, on whether or not Perry Mason would ever lose a case and on how long it would take the London Zoo to recapture an eagle named Goldie.

"I made it even; they would recapture Goldie in three days," said Banks. "I got quite a bit of action, too. They finally got Goldie back toward the end of the second day, so I won the bet. Then he escaped again three weeks later and people said I had cut the wires, but I had not. I have, of course, been accused of all kinds of villainy, but none of it is true." He shook his head in sorrow at the misanthropic whims which seem evident in some of his fellow men.

"They ask me, 'How do you do it, John?' as if I was doing them in somehow but I'm clean, never been booked for anything, because you must be clean to get a betting-shop permit. They all keep guessing who's behind me, who is financing me, but I'm my own man entirely. No stockholders, no board, no nothing. Just John Banks. I'm my own boss."

After Banks had been saved from the \$320,000 loss in the Lincoln Handicap by New Chapter's stretch-running heroics, a trainer asked the bookie how he was doing.

"Bad," said Banks. "Not well."

"Aye," said the trainer. "Then I expect we'll have another great train robbery soon, John."

"They even accused me of being the brains behind that," Banks said, apparently taking it as a compliment. "As if I need rob a train to make money."

John Banks is a wealthy man now. How wealthy is hard to say, but his magnificent scale of living certainly does not seem to strain his resources. "Sometimes I think I may retire," he said one day after the Derby. He had gone through his usual strenuous routine, up at 7:30, phone calls, breakfast, the papers until about 11, then lightning trips to two tracks and back home by midnight, ready to start over again the next morning. "If I do retire I think that I will set up a betting service for the poor punters. That might be a useful thing to do."

Indeed it might. And it might be the biggest help the tote system could have in putting the firewheeling bookies out of business.

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7 Diamonds and 14K gold
(A) \$925 (B) \$750 (C) \$1000



8 Diamonds and 14K gold
(A) \$320 (B) \$320 (C) \$420



9 Diamonds and 18K gold
(A) \$600 (B) \$600 (C) \$700



10 Diamonds and 14K gold
(A) \$180 (B) \$200 (C) \$300



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

THE BIG ONE WHO STAYED

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

For some time now the refrigerator in Jim Chones' 17th-floor apartment on the edge of the Marquette University campus in downtown Milwaukee has been a subject of considerable interest as well as an object containing questionable nourishment. A few months ago Marquette Coach Al McGuire looked into Chones' icebox, as he called it, and made the numbing assertion that "If I were him I'd take the money and run."

What McGuire saw in there was something along the lines of Chones' everyday stock: citrus punch, tomato catsup, orange juice, milk, mayonnaise, a can of ham, Manischewitz Cream White Concord, pickled-over ground beef, fresh cucumber dill pickles and a dish of dried noodles.

At the time, Spencer Haywood, the noted scowflaw, had just concluded his full-court press against the NBA on behalf of undergraduate access to professional basketball. Along with several other college sophomores and juniors, Chones, Marquette's 6' 11" center, was being deluged with offers from both professional leagues to leave school and sign a contract worth close to a million dollars. And McGuire, as is his wont, was flying full in the face of the prevailing opinion of most college coaches by advising his player to go ahead and take it.

McGuire's motives were simply understood and (in character) harshly realistic: "I recruited Jimmy to pave Marquette's way to the big time," he said. "He's got every right to leave now and do the same for himself." In the end, Chones did not leave. He stayed in school and now his sturdy presence is one of the few established facts of a college basketball season that appears to be one of the most perplexing in years.

Haywood's successful defiance has encouraged other underclassmen to travel the new quick route. By hook or by crook, through hail and hardship, the American Basketball Association took Julius Erving from Massachusetts, Johnny Neumann from Mississippi, George McGinnis from Indiana and Mickey Davis from Duquesne, while the NBA made off with Tom Payne of Kentucky, Nate Williams of Utah State and Phil Chenier of California. All were undergraduates with, one presumes, neglected iceboxes.

Such wholesale raids added more empty space to a season which will feel the effects of losing the most talented group of seniors in a decade. The largest void has been created by the departures of the Big Men: Jacksonville's Artis Gilmore and Western Kentucky's Jim McDaniels, who are expected to turn the ABA all the way around; Elmore Smith of Kentucky State and Sidney Wicks of UCLA, who led their teams to national titles and then became sudden saviors of still-infant NBA franchises.

The star system somehow always manages to replenish itself, however, and an inordinate number of new giants will arrive in the front court next month. Such sophomores as Maryland's Tom McMillen, Houston's Dwight Jones, UCLA's Bill Walton, New Mexico State's Roland (Tree) Grant, Northern Illinois' Jim Bradley, Jacksonville's Dave Brent—some of whom are pictured on the succeeding

continued

Best big man in college, 6'11" Jim Chones towers over 6'9" teammate Larry McNeill in Milwaukee.

pages and only one of whom is as short as 6' 8"—lead what undoubtedly is the largest and possibly most talented class of big men ever to enter college basketball. Still, good as they are, they are green and unweaned. A gap remains.

Which still leaves—in the middle of all of these comings and goings and providing a certain continuity between old and new—Jim Chones, a thoughtful, intelligent, jazz-loving 22-year-old junior. After such a massive exodus he is the nearest thing to an established superstar one can expect to see in 1971-72; by personality as well as through circumstance, a very special young man.

In the past five years the Warriors of Marquette have won 21, 23, 24, 26 and 28 games while reaching the NCAA Midwest Regional three times and the NIT finals twice. It is a record surpassed during that time only by UCLA and North Carolina and one that must surely stand alone in the annals of Jesuit five-year plans. Yet because of McGuire's playing style and offensive philosophy, the emergence of Chones has been as near a sneaking-up process as a man of his size can get away with.

Throughout his years at Marquette the abrasive, colorful McGuire depended on short, quick men who could outrun, outsky and, when the occasion demanded, out-punch the opposition. He had never started a center over 6' 6"—not one who could shoot anything more than a layup, make rebounding look easy and effectively tend the basket on defense. When the tall, graceful Chones arrived on campus from down the freeway in Racine, McGuire discovered a man endowed with strength, agility and the ability to do all these things. He wasn't sure what to do with him.

"I didn't truly understand the use of a big man on offense," he says now. "I was accustomed to guys climbing all the time with every basket a fight. We had proved we could win without a center. I couldn't change the offense just to suit one sophomore."

Since the coach also headlines his seniors, giving them the opportunity to, as he puts it, "make the sweet gravy" from the pros, there was no compulsion to bring Chones out from under his wraps. As a result the young rookie played last year in the shadow of Dean Meminger (now making gravy with the New York Knickerbockers) and bided his time in the learning process. Chones set up in the normal position for a Marquette center—the high post. He seldom went low on a drive to the basket, took most of his shots on a turnaround jump from the 10-foot range and was able to dominate only on defense. Because the Marquette offense is neither guard-oriented nor particularly forward-minded but relies rather on movements initiated by its own pressing defense, Chones was, in his own words, "a man almost without a game" when the Warriors got the ball.

Their proclivity for hiding their big man did not keep the Warrior coaches—McGuire and his assistant, Hank Raymonds—from acknowledging Chones' ample talents. "Jimmy is probably the best shooter I've ever had," McGuire said privately before the start of last season. "He's strong enough, unbelievably mobile sideline to sideline and maybe the fastest big man in the game." He told the somewhat unsure Chones himself, "Nobody knows you

now, so enjoy it. In two years you won't go anywhere without the autographs."

Still, Chones asserted himself early in the year with an 18-point, 10-rebound second half against Minnesota and its own good sophomore, Jim Brewer. He had played an undistinguished first half comprised mostly of standing around, but at intermission he decided to "just do it." The Warriors ended up winning the game 70-61, and from then on it was apparent that Chones saved doing it for the big ones. Playing in a deliberate, low-shot offense, he made over 20 points in only nine games, but five of those were against tournament teams. In an 85-80 overtime victory over Fordham in Madison Square Garden, Chones had 22 points (seven of them in the extra period) and 15 rebounds. Against Kentucky in the consolation game of the Midwest Regional he embarrassed the Wildcats' Payne 27 points to one and 12 rebounds to two as Marquette won 91-74. Chones finished the season with modest averages of 17.9 points and 11.4 rebounds while shooting .574 from the field. Unfortunately, it was three shots he missed in Marquette's 60-59 loss to Ohio State that are best remembered.

In that contest he battled Luke Witte, still another exceptional Big Ten sophomore center, to a standstill. But with about 45 seconds to go and the Warriors behind by a point, Chones jerked the trigger on two turnaround jump shots from 15 feet. After a Marquette time out he was set up again from 12 feet, and with 24 seconds left, fired once more. All three shots hit the front of the rim and bounced away; finally the Warriors turned the ball over and, with it, their 39-game winning streak.

"I could make those shots with my eyes closed," Chones says today. "You think I haven't dreamed about that plenty of times since? On two I had room to drive and was too stupid to go in. I might have been too confident and pulled the string each time. I know I never tightened up like that before."

In the months to follow, Chones received precious little time to dwell on the defeat. When he wasn't traveling over two continents as the starting pivotman for the U.S. Pan-American team, he was fending off requests for conferences with representatives of professional clubs. He talked the situation over with his coaches, his family, envoys from the legal profession and Kareem Abdul Jabbar. He made up his mind to reject the offers, wavered on a few later occasions and, with pressure mounting, put his foot down. He decided to stay at least one more year at Marquette.

The reasons for his decision included loyalty to his team and the deathbed wish of his father that he gain a college education. Most importantly, the experience demonstrated to Chones his own maturity in handling a difficult situation and revealed to him the kind of problems awaiting him beyond the concrete sidewalks of Marquette.

"I can't go anywhere without people bringing up this professional business," he says. "But I weighed the negative and positive aspects and I've done the right thing. People from the ghetto say I blew it, but they don't know how much my father wanted me to get an education. Or how much money Spencer Haywood and Ralph Simpson actually lost by leaving school. On the other side, busi-

nessmen downtown say, "Oh, you've made a fine choice." But they never had to watch their mother sweep up roaches and piles of rats in the summer, or had to eat biscuits for two weeks because their father was on strike. I'll admit I'm still confused. I just want to forget about it now, play this year and try to win the national championship. Kareem told me to remember one important thing—if you're big and you're good, you'll get your money no matter what happens."

What happened long ago back in Racine was that a family grew up under remarkable close domestic and religious ties, providing the major influence on Chones even after he left home. He is the oldest among six children whose father, J.W., toiled for 20 years at the J.I. Case foundry and felt so strongly that his older son should improve upon the job that he refused ever to let young Jim go near the place, not even to pick up the weekly paycheck when J.W. took sick.

Members of the Chones family still pronounce their name the correct way—Kones—several years after Jim told the public-address man at a high school game that Kones was not "sporty" enough and please say it Chones, just like it is spelled. By then the family had lived in eight different houses in Racine but never severed their roots at the First Church of God, a Baptist house of worship on the north side that originated in the garage of a neighbor. The senior Chones always made sure his brood was neat and clean, ate on time and stayed away from likely sources of impending mischief.

Barbara McNair, a local girl who was to make a name for herself on the musical stage and in the pages of *Playboy*, once rocked Jim in her lap while baby-sitting. Later, he sang in the church choir through junior high school. He seemed a model child until J.W. found his son's absences from home increasing every day after school. When the old man investigated, he found Jim playing basketball on the playgrounds. His doubts dispelled, he went to a high school game where his son received an ovation. That night Mr. Chones came to the boy's bedside, confessed great pride and broke down in tears.

Young Jim had started basketball only after withstanding extreme embarrassment over his skinny arms and legs. In the 10th grade he was 6' 6" but weighed only 155 pounds. As a result he never went without long sleeves even in 105° temperatures. Heavier, and with that obstacle surmounted, he had a fairly successful junior year at Washington Park High before suddenly transferring in the spring to St. Catherine's, a much smaller parochial school whose teams played in the tough Milwaukee Catholic League. Rumors abound about the switch: Chones was flat-out recruited, stolen away; Chones left after being beaten up by a gang of racist toughs when he wouldn't contribute to some turmoil they were planning; Chones was disgusted at the unequal opportunities afforded black and white athletes at the public school.

"Some of this is true," he says. "The black guys I hung with got no motivation, no encouragement to try and make it at a big college somewhere. Our white athletes always got a chance to go to Big Ten schools. I was being hindered and held back." It is also true, however, that Chones was not applying himself at the public school,

where about one-third of the student body was black. Neglecting studies was something J.W. would not stand for, so he packed Jim off to the nearest nuns and the discipline at St. Catherine's.

Over the following summer, as a counselor at Ed Macauley's camp at Oneida, Wis. he met and played against pros: Oscar Robertson, Terry Disinger, Guy Rodgers. "It was the first time I'd been away from home and had exposure to white people," he says. "You get these misconceptions and I was afraid. I'd never been around them before. I met different people. We'd spend every evening talking about social problems. It opened up a whole new world for me." (Chones was so taken by his camping experience that two years later he spurned a birthday party that was to be given him by the neighborhood and used the money instead for an annual Campership Fund for underprivileged kids in Racine. Financed by local businesses, he is now able to send 10 to 15 children to camp every summer.)

Chones returned to St. Catherine's his senior year and led the team to a 26-0 record and the state championship. His ability was no longer a secret. Several major universities beckoned and it looked like Chones would go to Michigan State. But J.W. had become seriously ill with lung cancer and Jim was feeling the responsibilities demanded of the head of a family. He decided that he couldn't go far from home and began to think seriously of Marquette, only 30 miles away.

"One night I drove up to Milwaukee and talked for hours with George Thompson about the school," Chones says. "I remember he kicked his girl friend out of the room just to talk to me. He taught everything—classes, campus, Coach Al, winning seasons, the intensity of the games here. I decided right then. I felt such a weight off my back I sat down and cried. The next October my father died and I thought about leaving school. Marquette couldn't solve all my problems. We needed stability and my sisters weren't too worldly. I didn't want them going wild or my mother falling apart or my brother going into a shell. I didn't see how we'd make it if I stayed here, but we have."

Presently Marvin Chones is a 6-foot sophomore guard at St. Catherine's. Mrs. Mame Chones has learned to drive a car for transportation to her job at a Racine restaurant and to watch her son play in Milwaukee. Sherry, the second of Jim's four sisters, has reached the age (19) where her presence is in demand at the same parties Jim frequents—a difficult situation that is made more so by Sherry's striking 6' 2" beauty and the inevitable wails of "Fox, Fox" every time she enters a room. The remaining sisters are equally attractive.

When Mrs. Chones drives her family up the highway to the Milwaukee Arena this season, they will see a vastly improved version of their famous relation. The sharpest change should come at the free-throw line where Chones shot a miserable 53% last season. He blames this particular failure on a lack of concentration. "I was always thinking about defense on the inbounds play," Chones says. "Half the time I didn't know who to take; in the middle of my shots I was always asking somebody, 'Man, where do I go after this?' I got better the second half of the season—"

continued

at least I was over 50 percent. The game is going to be easier this year."

There will be progress in other areas as well, McGuire says. "In the two months following the end of last season, Jim improved every part of his game by double," he says. "I don't know what it was—the confidence from the tournament or what. But he's heavier now (230 pounds), stronger, and he's starting to go to the steel. There were only sprinkles of authority last season but now Jimmy knows he's the man. When we first got him, his biggest fault was a lack of instinct. He had to think first about everything, then go. This year he'll be starting down lower and driving a lot more. He's beginning to do it all naturally and when that happens, look out. The man is my aircraft carrier and he's smelling the roses." As usual, McGuire's metaphor is mixed but the general idea is there.

Raymonds, the assistant coach who played with Macaulay in his years at St. Louis U. and who has taught Chones most of what he knows about the pivot, says: "He's no Jabbar, that's not fair. He isn't anywhere near the size of Jabbar, either. But Jimmy is learning how to conduct and influence a game the way Jabbar does. He's one of the few big men I've seen who gets stronger as the game goes on."

The pros who have seen and played with Chones are of a like opinion. Jon McGlocklin of the Milwaukee Bucks thinks he "could be a superstar in our league. He's got the offense, the defense, the size and the head for it. Could he turn a franchise around? We can't tell that yet. He has the ability to score, but there's no way to tell if he can make everything else happen. For that matter, how many players can?"

One NBA general manager was so impressed with Chones last year he had him first on his draft list ahead of all the eligible big-name seniors. A scout for another pro team—Jerry Krause of the Phoenix Suns—calls the Marquette center quite simply "the finest amateur basketball player in the world."

If nothing else, this kind of talk has made Chones intent on proving himself. "I don't think I had that good a year as a sophomore," he says, "and then we ended up losing when we shouldn't have. I may not look intense on the court but losing a game is like a year out of my life. I was hesitating most of last season but now I know I can be dominant. I've perfected the jumper from 15 feet. I've got the left-hand hook now, stationary or on the dribble. I'm practicing the power move down the middle. I'm going baseline more and leaning on people. I'm getting mean, you know?"

"What I'm trying to do is take the best things from everyone and put them together. Kareem's hook. Hayes' turnaround. Russell's blocking shots. Chamberlain's team defense. Especially, I want to play the all-round game, smooth it, get a rhythm and a beat to it. Like Spencer Haywood—he's patient and mean at the same time. He plays the total game, it's a smooth passage from beginning to end."

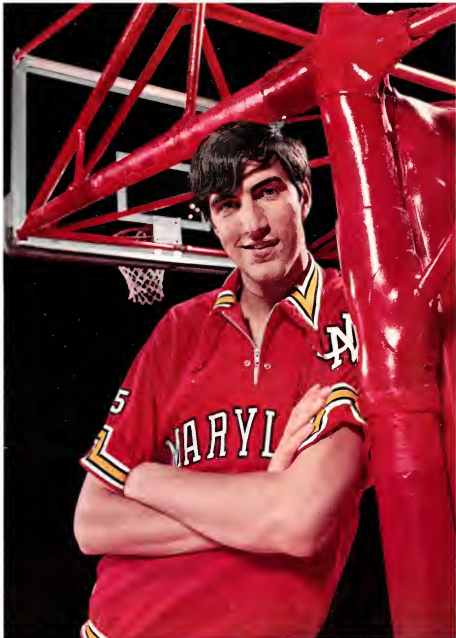
Fortunately, Marquette will have Jim Chones from beginning to end this season. Luckily for the Warriors and all college basketball, he has elected to follow Spencer Haywood's performance on the court rather than off it.

THE TOP



If they can resist the blandishments of the pros until graduation, the stars of the class of 1974 may turn out to be the best college basketball has ever seen. Assuredly, they are the biggest. Tom McMillen of Maryland (right), the nation's most sought-after high school player two years ago, is 6' 11", yet he has to look up at such other giants as North Carolina State's 7' 4" Tom Burleson (see cover) and 7-footers Tree Grant of New Mexico State and Dave Brent of Jacksonville. More of the new big men who are expected to lead their schools to national ranking appear in and among the scouting reports of 1971-72's best teams and players on the following pages.

Maryland's McMillen, a superior shooter, would be a fine college player even if half a foot shorter.







MARQUETTE

1 Jesus Christ having finally made superstar, it is about time that a school conducted by the Society of Jesus should shape up. The heart of Marquette University has been remodeled and now presents several blocks of sidewalks, benches, trees and a whole lot of other honest-to-goodness college stuff. What is paradise for the romantic is paradox to the rogue, however, and Jack (Chico) Rusnov, a young graduate, has put the look in perspective. "Awful," he says. "The place looks like a campus."

Fortunately for Rusnov and all the rest of Marquette's edge-of-delirium basketball fans, the Warriors once again look like a team most campuses would be happy to own. Since the end of last season when Marquette floated on the verge of fantasy toward its 39-game winning streak, Coach Al McGuire has been itching to try it again. "I'm more excited than ever," he said the week practice started. "It looks like the top of the mountain again."

From such peaks McGuire conducts the Marquette program. Because of his myriad outside interests and a wise unwillingness to become involved with the lesser pressures of the job, McGuire spends less time coaching than any man in the business and leaves most of the work to Hank Raymonds, his excellent assistant. It works.

Though the Warriors lost two versatile players in Dean (The Dream) Meminger and Gary Brell, there is better depth overall as well as vast, untapped scoring potential. Successor to the inimitable Brell (recently reported to be "playing kazoo in a freak hand downtown") is Larry (Youngblood Hawke) McNeill, a 6' 9" rail of a sophomore who shoots like a machine and, says McGuire, "my next All-America." With Jim Chones and the new team captain, fearsome Bob (Black Swan) Lackey, 6' 6", up front, the Warriors have a forward line only a Marquette mother could love. In line counterpart the angelic-looking Spider Mills, a 6' 9" center last year, will play a lot more, enabling Chones to move to forward at times.

Guard Allie McGuire grew to almost 6' 5" over the summer, but if he cannot shake a mysterious illness that limits his oxygen intake, the Warriors may have backcourt trouble. Though speedy Sugar Frazier had a head start in occupying Meminger's position, sophomore Marcus Washington, who moves and thinks like The Dream, looks like the leader the deliberate Warriors must have. Gary Greek returns to provide steadiness while rookie Randy (The Gizmo from Omro) Wade can fill the basket from outside. The kazooes in Milwaukee should be deafening.

Bobby Jones (left), 6' 8" sophomore, and Robert McAdoo, 6' 9", give North Carolina high hopes.



NORTH CAROLINA

2 With four starters back from the NIT champions, North Carolina has reason to look forward to the new season. Yet not one of the returnees—who include Forward Bill Chamberlain, the NIT's Most Valuable Player—has aroused as much interest and enthusiasm as a tall newcomer from the junior college ranks. The talk in Chapel Hill is all about 6' 9" Robert McAdoo. Will he fit smoothly into Coach Dean Smith's disciplined game? Will he be able to hold his own against the likes of Maryland's Tom McMillin? Is he good enough to finally lead the Tar Heels to the championship—the big championship, the NCAA—they have been so close to winning these recent years?

"He has tremendous ability," says Smith cautiously, while Chamberlain adds, "He's so mobile for his size that we might be even better than we were last year." Nobody knows what McAdoo says; Smith has ruled out all formal interviews until after Carolina's first game. "It just wouldn't be fair to the other four kids for him to get all the attention," says Smith.

McAdoo is hardly a stranger in Carolina. He grew up and played his high school ball in Greensboro, only 48 miles down the road from Chapel Hill. When he went to Vincennes Junior College in Indiana, his chances of playing at North Carolina seemed remote since Smith had never recruited a junior college player. "But McAdoo's a good student and he's from the state," says Smith. He's also a 26-point scorer and a fine rebounder, and facts like that don't hurt a fellow's chances.

Last year, 6' 10" Lee Dedmon earned his keep by passing and rebounding, leaving the brunt of the scoring to Chamberlain (14.4 points a game) and Dennis Wuyeyk (18.4). McAdoo will be much more of an offensive factor. Now all Smith has to do is figure out how to take full advantage of McAdoo's scoring without losing any of the cohesiveness, selflessness and aggressiveness that characterized last year's unit.

Probably the most gifted athlete on the team, Chamberlain got off to a slow start this fall because of a tonsillotomy. So did Wuyeyk, who was testing the right knee he injured early in the NIT. If either falters, North Carolina need look only as far as sophomore Bobby Jones. At 6' 8", he is not hard to see, nor is he hard for a coach to take. Already he is being counted on to help McAdoo at center. There are no questions at guard, where 6' 3" Steve Previs and 6' 2" George Karl continue to amaze Smith with their all-out play, even in practice.

In December the Tar Heels will go to Madrid for a tournament, but it is Los Angeles that interests them. They would admire to be there this March.

CONTINUED



ONG BEACH STATE

3 Never underestimate the great American game of ten pins. Because of a bowling tournament that has booked the downtown arena for two months this winter, the country's most physical and raw-talented basketball team must play 13 of its 17 home games in a tiny campus gym that seats 2,300. This is a pity because Long Beach State Coach Jerry Tarkanian, the Fidel Castro of the college game, has come out of the brush again with some extraordinary guerrilla recruiting.

To begin, there is Nate Stephens, a 7-foot wanderer whose nose for geography has taken him all over the badlands, to such way stations as Weber State, Southern Idaho College, UTEP, New Mexico State and Creighton. He ended up at Long Beach State last season where he proceeded to redshirt, initiate fistic rumbles in the layup drills and set world records for sleeping. Tarkanian says he has got Stephens "under control" now. Whatever that means, the mobile Nate is impressively quick under the basket, rejects shots in spectacular fashion and has razors for elbows. Still, he is relatively tame compared to 6' 8", 240-pound Leonard Gray, a transfer from Kansas who becomes eligible the first of February. Gray, says Tarkanian, is "the meanest SOB who ever lived," a ferocious-looking individual whose short fuse and penchant for right upcups in rebound battles make him a beautiful and all too believable villain.

Tarkanian has coached the 49ers to 23-3, 24-5 and 24-5 records in the last three years, mostly against candy-cane schedules that hardly did justice to his abilities as a recruiter and as a tongue-lashing coach of stingy zone defenses. The Long Beach zone made UCLA look silly in the finals of the Western Regional last March, but the 49ers blew an 11-point lead; their star, Ed Ratliff, fouled out with five minutes left, a bad shooter took a bad shot and they lost 57-55.

This season it is conceivable that Long Beach will not lose to anybody. Though George Trapp will be missed, Ratliff, a 6' 6" junior of supreme passing and shooting skills, Chuck Terry, another solid 6' 6" wingman who was the defensive star of the Pan American team, and the rest of their huge teammates will be around—people like Bob Lynn, 6' 9", 255 pounds, and leaper Eric McWilliams, 6' 7". The 49ers had trouble finding a backcourt leader last winter, but if 6' 2" Lamont King, who averaged 34 points a game at something called Southeastern Iowa Area Community College in Keokuk, or redshirt Guard Tom Motley will give up the ball to the rest of the scorers, that problem will be solved. If everybody stays healthy and out of trouble, this could be the year of Long Beach's deliverance.



CLA

4 And now, the Walton Gang. Already they have established themselves in the same mold as their predecessors at UCLA, strong-willed and free-thinking. A week before practice opened, sophomore Bill Walton, the 6' 11" redhead upon whom a continuation of the Bruin dynasty depends, was asked to cut his hair for publicity photographs. Since he previously had been given a later deadline for the shearing, Walton demurred. So did sophomore Guard Greg Lee. Having established that point—whatever it may be—they must now prove that they can play basketball. The chances are they can. Some people, in fact, think UCLA's redshirts from last season could leave school, hire Flip Wilson as coach and finish third in the Pacific Eight. The Bruins, as always, are that loaded.

With John Wooden as coach, they should finish first in their conference again. The attack this time will be fast-paced and directed more like a ballet than a bulldozer. Last season's maulers, Sidney Wicks, Curtis Rowe and Steve Patterson, have taken to the pros a weight advantage of 30 pounds a man over their replacements, but Wooden has always preferred a running style and he will have loads of fun with this crew. Walton, a truly awesome defensive player and shot blocker, gets the ball off the board and out on the break quicker than any man alive (yes, including Wes Unseld). With the charismatic Lee in backcourt, along with Henry Bibby, who has improved his shooting, the UCLA fast break should go whoooooosh.

Because of questionable knees, Walton must spend an extra hour a day at practice, applying heat packs before and ice packs afterward. His hands, though, are always hot; he shot 69% as a freshman. The third rookie in the starting lineup is Keith Wilkes, a player of grace and finesse whose bony frame (6' 6", 175 pounds) did not keep Wooden from telling a rival coach that if Wilkes had been available last year he would have started then, too. Junior Cornerman Larry Farmer (6' 5") lacks bulk also, but his experience and work on the offensive board puts him ahead of still another sophomore, Gary Franklin, who can swing to backcourt. There, the Bruins are very deep, with Andy Hill and bowlegged Tommy Curtis, a redshirt who might beat out Lee for a starting position. Wooden also can call on 6' 11" Sven Nater, a terrific shooter from the high post, as well as superb one-on-one players Larry Hollyfield and Marv Vinatier.

UCLA has now won five straight national championships and seven of the last eight while keeping on the bench athletes like John Ecker, who is now doing such things in Europe as scoring 29 points against the German All-Stars. What is Wooden trying to do, win a world championship?



MARYLAND

5 The basketball season at the University of Maryland began officially at 12:03 a.m. on Oct. 15. That's when the team assembled on the running track in Byrd Stadium for a mile-and-a-half run. Lighting was provided by automobile headlights; Lefty Driesell and his assistants were there timing the boys, and so were about 200 students, which tells something of the way they feel about basketball this season at College Park.

"We wanted to be the first team in the country to practice," explained a Terrapin, "and we want to be No. 1 at the end of the season, too." According to Len Elmore, the 6' 9" sophomore from New York, it was just a publicity gag. "But we expect to go as far as we can," he says, "and that should be all the way."

Coming off a so-so 14-12 season, Maryland will start three—and possibly four—sophomores. Ordinarily that is not the stuff of a national championship, but these are not ordinary sophomores. As freshmen last season they humiliated 16 straight opponents by an average of 30 points, even with Elmore sitting out most games with a broken kneecap. The main reason, of course, was the presence of Washington's newest monument, 6' 11" Tom McMillen, the youngster from Mansfield, Pa. who is the college sport's No. 1 name even before his first varsity game.

The focus of one of the most intense, bitter recruiting battles in history, McMillen led the freshmen with averages of 29.3 points and 15.4 rebounds. He is extraordinarily quick and such a fine shooter that Driesell will play him at a low post—where his soft hooks are virtually unstoppable—or, occasionally, on a wing. Although he still looks thin, McMillen's weight is up to 215 pounds, about 10 more than last season. "And he's jumping better, too," says Elmore. "I can tell that when I go against him in practice and he stuffs me."

Even without McMillen, the Terrapins would be a national contender. For size they not only have a healed Elmore, but 7-foot sophomore Mark Cartwright, who averaged 27 points in the last four freshman games. Elmore will start and Cartwright probably will play behind 6' 8" Jim O'Brien, a strong leaper who led last year's varsity with a 16.3 average. Returning in backcourt is 6' 2" Howard White, whose only problem is inconsistency. As a sophomore, White's scoring ranged from 38 points to zero. He probably will start at one guard, unless Driesell decides to use sophomores Rich Forac and Jap Trimble, a fine one-on-one player.

Every Maryland home game already is sold out. As Driesell says, "We could win the championship, but saying that is one thing and doing it is another. One thing for sure: we won't sneak up on anybody."



OHIO STATE

6 Fred Taylor, the other coach at Ohio State, is only the No. 2 man in town, even when he tries harder. Like Woody Hayes, he leads his Big Ten colleagues in winning percentages, and Taylor has taken seven conference titles in the 13 years that he has been head coach while Hayes was winning only four. In almost any other place but football-mad Columbus, Ohio, Taylor's name could be marketed as a household word, like Hertz.

If Taylor is concerned about his second-class status, he doesn't show it. He would be pleased, though, if more people paid attention to his Buckeye basketball team that finished 20-6 last year. Not since 1961, when Jerry Lucas, John Havlicek and Co. had already won the NCAA as sophomores, has Taylor welcomed back so much youthful experience. No fewer than six full-time and part-time starters return, only one a senior. They will go far in easing the loss of Jim Cleamons, the Big Ten's Most Valuable Player.

More than the others, 6' 11½" Center Luke Witte will determine the extent of Ohio State's success. A .563 shooter last year, Witte spent the summer playing on the U.S. Pan American team and the experience bolstered his self-esteem and added 12 pounds to his frame, which now registers 233 pounds. He is well coordinated, a battler on the boards and certain to improve on his 19 points and 13 rebounds per game.

Muscular Guard Allan Hornyak, the league's fifth leading scorer as a sophomore (23.5) and Ohio's all-time high school scoring leader, has quickly learned to play college defense and team offense. He is the Buckeye boss, quick on the dribble and capable of putting a game away practically by himself, as he proved late last season at Michigan by scoring 17 points in the first five minutes of the first half.

Mark Minor, the team's only senior, and 6' 8" Mark Wagar probably will start in the corners, and sophomore Dan Gerhard will push Dave Merchant for the other guard spot. Wardell Jackson missed freshman ball because of poor grades, but he will not spend much time on the bench once he learns a 6' 7" forward's duties.

Trying harder this year not only means Fred Taylor must again win the Big Ten, but at least the tough NCAA Midwest Regional that got away last March when Ohio State, after ending Marquette's 39-game winning streak two days before, lost to Western Kentucky in overtime.

Hornyak, who missed the left-handed jumper that would have beaten Western Kentucky in regulation time, has not forgotten the shot over the summer. "I didn't really brood about it," he says. "I just wondered whether I should have taken it in closer. All I can say is maybe next time I'll make it."



HOUSTON

7 "It used to be," says Dwight "Double D" Davis, "that Texas high school basketball was choked to death by football. Football is still very important in this state, but lately we've been growing some trees in Houston and people are taking an interest in us." People like Guy Lewis, whose goal at the University of Houston has always been to assemble a forest. "More than one year," Lewis recalls, "I started five boys from Illinois and Indiana. The biggest change in the college game today is that good basketball players can be found anywhere." But even Lewis never imagined that three of his Cougar starters would have learned their basketball at Houston's Pleasantville Recreation Center or Finnegan Park, both just across town from the Cougar campus.

Davis, a 6' 7" leaper who should get clearance from NASA's Mission Control before he launches himself off the Tartan floor at Hofheinz Pavilion ("That guy can jump to the moon," Frank McGuire of South Carolina said last year) is one of the Houstonians. Dwight Jones, a member of the U.S. Pan Am team, is another. "He is a seasoned rookie," Lewis says, "and as fine a sophomore as I've had since Elvin Hayes." Davis, who adds verbal bounce to his talents, praises the 6' 10" Jones, too. "I've seen Jim Chones of Marquette and he's a great player. But Dwight can play with him." This is the same Jones who as a 6' 3" seventh-grader was cut from his junior-high team. He practiced six hours nightly at the playgrounds and two years later was averaging 40 points and 20 rebounds for the same team. "Dwight Jones," says Dwight Davis, "can be just as good as he wants to be. All he needs is a killer's instinct and we all help by pushing the lamb into the lion's den."

Jerry Bonney, a 6' 4" guard who can rebound, is the third local starter. To maintain his recruiting touch, Lewis has Larry Brown of Brooklyn and sharpshooting Donnell Hayes of Camden, N.J., the leading freshman scorer, as other guards, and Steve Newsome of Columbia, Miss., and newcomer Sidney Edwards of Schenectady, N.Y., as forwards. "Hayes is as good an outside shooter as I've had here," Lewis says. "But I need someone to run the team, someone to make the fast break work and to get the ball inside when we slow down the pace." Brown, who averaged 7.1 points last season, has experience in these areas and will probably be a starter until Hayes proves he can move the ball.

For luck, the visitors' dressing room at Hofheinz Pavilion still has the number 13 on the door. "Just a coincidence," Lewis says. But the Cougars are unbeaten in two seasons at the new arena. And outside the trees of Houston keep growing.



PENNSYLVANIA

8 Philadelphia is a lovely place to live, and you'd want your basketball team to visit there, too—if you were out of your scrapple-eating mind. It was bad enough when only three Philadelphia teams played national tournament-caliber ball, but in 1970-71 when Penn started operating like the UCLA of the East, that was too overwhelming much, brother. Coach Dick Harter pushed a different lever every night and out popped a new star. The second team was so frightening it was known as the Earthquakers. Now come the '71-72 Quakers. Harter has gone to Utah and three starters are missing, but opponents aren't fooled a bit.

Phil Haskinson, a 6' 8" junior who led the scoring in five games without starting in any of them and made All-Ivy mention while sitting on the bench, settles in at the forward spot vacated by Corky Calhoun, the complete player, who moves to guard, where at 6' 7½" he will be one of the country's tallest. The smallest Penn starter, 6' 5" Alan Cotler, is aggressively quick and a fine shooter. He goes to the other guard, which will become a point position.

Bobby Morse is a Bill Bradley-type, but bigger (6' 8"). He is a scorer and a premed student who spent his summer taking an organic chemistry course from 8:30 to 11:30 a.m. and working a full shift in a quarry before coming back at night for more courses. For the simple reason that Penn just does not need more shooters, 6' 6" Craig Littlepage may become a defensive specialist at center. Again, all-staters from Ohio and Illinois—sophomore Whitey Varga and Jack Sonnenberg—are riding the bench, at least temporarily.

Last year, Penn had a highly patterned, intricate, guard-oriented offense. This year that turns into an overpowering inside attack that the team hopes will beat good opponents by 20 points. Bang the ball into the middle, that's the strategy—to Morse or Littlepage stacked on one side of the lane, to Calhoun on the other, to Haskinson thundering down the baseline. Forget the pass back to the point man; airmail the ball overhead.

Some people around Philadelphia think the Quakers have just one flaw, they are too perfect. They never exhibit emotion (Calhoun clapped his hands after a play in one game last year and sent the Palestra into an uproar). New Coach Chuck Daly, who has a talent for following difficult acts (he succeeded Bob Cousy at Boston College) says, "If we lose two or three, I ain't jumping off any bridges." But even he admits that Penn looks like the class of the East.

CONTINUED

The long wait ended in Houston with the arrival of 6' 10" Dwight Jones and 6' 9" Sid Edwards (right).







9 The recruiting cycle continues to turn in Southern California. To remain competitive with that other school on the far side of the traffic jam, USC went out and got a forward from Denver, a guard from New York and six assorted sizes of players from California. They comprise the best freshman team in the history of the school and will be on hand to watch the finals of the NCAA tournament next March on their home court at the Sports Arena. But are they a year too late? Well, maybe. Last winter was the watershed for Coach Bob Boyd's Trojans, who had as glorious a season as a runner-up could hope for. They won 24 games, lost only to UCLA twice and set the college world on fire by winning 16 straight and moving to the top of the polls before blowing a nine-point lead and The Game to UCLA 64-60. In the process, USC caught the city's fancy. Five years ago, the school sold 98 season tickets for basketball. By the opening game next week USC expects to have sold 2,000.

"We sense excitement, involvement, basketball noise," says Boyd. The USC coaches also sense the odor of a hospital. Early in preseason practice their hopes for a season equal to last year's were jarred when Forwards Bruce Clark and Monroe Nash were done in by old hurts. Clark fractured the same shinbone that kept him off the team last year, and if he returns at all it will not be until early January when the Pacific Eight season opens. Nash is out for the year after undergoing his second operation for a ruptured disc. The injuries definitely decrease team speed, scoring and, most importantly, the depth that Boyd needs to run his pressing, bustling game. All is not lost, however, as the coach admits (18 wins is his prediction even if everything goes horribly). Returning as starters are shooting Forward Joe Mackey, skinny 6' 8" Center Ron (Spoon) Riley, who holds all the USC rebound records, and Paul Westphal, the marvelous guard whose flashing, driving, either-hand hook through the key is still the most exciting move in the college game.

USC will miss defender Chris Shrobligen, sixth man Dana Piggett and, especially, the streak shooting and defense of Dennis Layton, but precocious sophomore Dan Anderson is steadier in the backcourt and complements Westphal better. The problem is inside, where only bulky Bill Taylor helps Riley on the boards. Still, Westphal—now a senior and in his last run at the school (UCLA) he turned down—remains unconcerned. "This is the year I've waited for," he says. "We're going to get them."

The new tall story at Providence is 6' 9" Marvin Barnes, who can do a lot to lift the little Friars.



10 To most of the nation, Rhode Island has long been a comic myth, as distant and unbelievable as Lilliput. So back in 1969 when it became known that something called Providence College had won 242 basketball games in 12 years, it was as annoying, say, as having to take antibiotics after a gnaw bite. Then Providence went bad and everybody forgot the pest—until last season. The Friars, under handsome Dave Gavitt, rustled up a 20-8 record despite averaging only 6' 3" in height. Now four of the best from that team return, and there is new height, too. Real pests.

But to begin with the smallest, the best of those back is 6-foot Guard Ernie DiGregorio, a product of the North Providence playgrounds and so esteemed that he was given an 800-ticket testimonial dinner while still in high school. He was named to the NIT, ECAC Holiday Festival and Tennessee Classic first teams last year as a sophomore. He scored 522 points, but his real strength is his wide-screen passing eye. "I've never seen anybody better in college ball," Gavitt says flatly. "To take full advantage we've done crazy things like lining everybody up at the baseline and having them scatter wildly while Ernie picks off the open man. He's so good it's infectious. Ernie has made Don Lewis a much more confident passer and offensive player."

A defensive classic at the other guard, Lewis in return has made DiGregorio acceptable on defense. Sam Lewis up by saying he was assigned to Massachusetts' one-man team, 6' 6" Julius Erving, gave away seven inches and held Erving to 19 points. The pros are having trouble doing that this year. At one forward is Nehru King from Jersey City, N.J., so named because his mother admired the placidity of the Indian Prime Minister. Nehru is an unplaced 6' 4" hot dog who as a freshman would vacuum the boards, make a spectacular move—and throw the ball away. Unfortunately for the big powers of the East, Nehru King has curbed his excesses. So has 6' 7" Fran Costello, who shot at everything in his freshman year and at nothing the next. Now, with Marvin Barnes, 6' 9", and—when he recovers from anemia—Larry Ketvirtis, 6' 11", around, he is programmed differently. Among the best sophomores in the country, Barnes has so overwhelmed Rhode Island competition that his main problem has been overcoming boredom. His almost exact opposite is Ketvirtis. Calm, almost priestly, off the court, Ketvirtis goes berserk in competition, his one flaw being that he may seriously injure someone. With their new height, the Friars will be picking, screening and rolling and, in short (and tall, too), will be counting their blessings. There are those in Little Rhody who are counting them providential.

CONTINUED



EW MEXICO STATE

11 There were three good basketball teams in Las Cruces last winter and only one happened to be the New Mexico State variety. The freshmen weighed in with a 6' 7" lefty named Hal Robinson and a guard named Austin Lehmann, a pure shooter whose range, in hyperbolic moments, is equated with that of the missiles at White Sands. And on deposit with the Farmers and Merchants Bank, an AAU team, Coach Lou Henson had two Aggies, both ineligible freshmen, who could guarantee almost anybody's mortgage. One was Roland (Tree) Grant, a 7-foot Philadelphia coach modestly describes as "a player." The second was John Williamson, an Earl Monroe type who is sure to be one of the fine shooters in the nation. Now all four are on the varsity and Henson must decide how to use them. At the moment, he plans to build around Grant. He has such faith in his agile Tree, in fact, that he has installed a single-post pro offense. That means that passes will be lobbed to Grant who will then do his best to remember that the dunk is illegal.

To make the optimum use of Williamson, Robinson and Forward Harry S. Truman Ward (call him Truman, please, because he's not wild about Harry), Henson will shift to his passing offense. Ward led last year's varsity (19-8) in scoring and rebounding and caught passes from Alex Scott, the team playmaker and a lifelong friend of Williamson's from New Haven, Conn. Lehmann, who has shown signs of not wanting to play this season, is being groomed to run the club when the Aggies join the Missouri Valley Conference next year. Against zones he fires 25-footers the way his brother George does for the Carolina Cougars. He spent 14 hours a few months ago shooting 11,181 consecutive free throws in quest of a world record. Before a shoulder cramp stopped him, he netted 87% of his attempts. Henson has deadpanned, "I'll change his style if he ever misses a shot."

Missing—in games—will be the toothpick so often seen in Williamson's mouth. He practices with one and claims he was always chomping on toothpicks when he was averaging 33.4 points a game in his senior year at Wilbur Cross High School. A teacher there once called the toothpick "Williamson's tranquilizer" and Henson does nothing in practice to spoil the 6' 2" guard's frame of mind.

The Aggie bench is one of the strongest in the nation, with three experienced hands. Roy Neal, 6' 6", was a member of the NCAA third-place club two years ago, and El Green and Bill Moore have proved they can run, shoot and rebound. But (Henson said it, not Joyce Kilmer) there is no bench as lovely as a Tree—or a toothpick. At the least, the Aggies from just north of the border should receive their sixth straight NCAA bid.



LOUISVILLE

12 Head Coach Denny Crum brings a fresh point of view to the senior-dominated University of Louisville team that has seen disastrous finishes unto early success the last two years. As assistant coach for John Wooden at UCLA the previous three seasons, his major concern was what to do with his NCAA championship waches. He kept one, gave another to his father and is saving the third for his young son. But he wouldn't at all mind winning new waches.

"Here in Kentucky we like to judge by bloodlines," says Athletic Director Peck Hickman, "and with Denny's background you've got to say his is a good one." The players, too, are excited about the 34-year-old Crum, who succeeds the retired John Dromo. "I can't do nothing but listen to the man," says multi-talented Guard Jim Price, the best of five double-figure scorers returning from a 20-9 team. "He started pointing out my errors as soon as practice started. That's a man to listen to."

Price and his teammates had best listen closely. An exceptionally confident individual upon whom Wooden depended greatly for in-the-game analysis, Crum is rattling the Cardinal cage. His major move involves 6' 3" Henry Bacon, an undersized forward last year, who joins Price in the backcourt. That opens the way for 6' 8" sophomore Bill Buntun on a front line that includes Ron Thomas, a 6' 5" rebounder, and 6' 9" Al Vilcheck, who moves out to a high post. "I like the offense," says Vilcheck, who possibly is the tallest game-bird hunter in Kentucky. "It will force me to shoot from outside and give me the chance to drive. And I think that by crashing the boards I can improve my shooting."

Larry Carter, a two-year regular at guard, is not being overlooked. His 14-point average was third best on the team last year behind Price (16.5) and Vilcheck (15.9) and his outside shooting will still be counted on. So will the reserve talents of swingman Mike Lawhon, who will be playing under a different coach for the eighth straight year. (Since Lawhon is a senior, Crum can relax.)

Defensively, the UCLA influence will be seen in one of several different pressure formations. The Cardinals pressed last year under Dromo but after his midseason heart attack they played man-to-man under interim Coach Howard Stacey.

"I feel a little bit like the bird who has left the nest," says Crum. "All my family ties are in Southern California. But I felt the time had finally come for me to set out on my own and I thought this was the best of three head-coaching opportunities available. I think I know what it takes to build a national championship contender. Now I'm going to try to do it."



FLORIDA STATE

13

During Dave Cowens' days at Florida State a friend gave Coach Hugh Durham a symbolic drawing showing a black basketball player with a red Afro who wore tennis shoes and had, obviously, plenty of soul. Cowens, who was the one white starter on a black team, has since moved into a starring role with the Boston Celtics; as a result his alma mater has no redheads left, but it isn't suffering from a shortage of soul.

This year's starters are all black; in fact there are only three white players on the team. State could easily be mistaken for cross-town Florida A&M. But this does not bother the Southern-born Durham at all. "We're not interested in their color," he says. "We want winners and when we win everybody will be happy."

From all indications, the city of Tallahassee is in for a taste of winning, however distasteful that may appear to people whose only appetite has been for football victories. The Seminoles return four of five starters from last year's 17-9 varsity. State should be a lot better.

Lawrence McCray, a 6' 11" sophomore who averaged 18.6 points and 22.2 rebounds on the freshman team, replaces FSU's one loss, 6' 4" Vernell Ellzy, at low post. McCray broke Cowens' freshman rebounding record with 510 and is as good a defensive player as there is in college ball. Wingman Ron King is back. Last year he made over 50% of his shots and had a team-leading 22.7 average. At the high post is aggressive Reggie Royals, who averaged 15 rebounds each game, 13th in the nation. Rowland Garrett, the best jumper on the squad, mans the other wing. Although averaging only 12.5 points on a team that scored 91.5 (seventh in the nation), Garrett should have a strong final year. The only position that has not been settled is at the point, where tiny 5' 7" Otto Petty has the edge. He was one of three good sophomores last season and set a school record with 227 assists. But he is being pushed mightily by a new sophomore, Otis Cole, who is just as aggressive as Petty, seven inches taller and a better defensive player. On offense, Cole is a slick ball handler who can also be used at the wing. Senior Ron Harris, last year's sixth man and a sometime starter the year before, and Greg Samuel, a transfer, will see plenty of action.

"All I want to do is to get the players to perform up to their capabilities," says Durham. "The wins will take care of themselves." Perhaps, but the wins Durham speaks of will not take care of themselves if the team again gives up 80.2 points a game. State has a new lease on life because after three years it is off NCAA probation for recruiting infractions and is eligible for post-season tournament play. It could be a soulful year.



SOUTH CAROLINA

14

For the past three seasons South Carolina has been about the most frustrated—and frustrating—team in the country. Led by All-America Guard John Roche, he of the floppy hair and quick temper, the Gamecocks clawed their way to a 69-16 record, the most successful era in the school's history. But twice they failed to survive that game of Russian roulette, otherwise known as the Atlantic Coast Conference's post-season tournament, and gain an NCAA berth. Last year, when they did prevail, they expended so much blood in the process that they played more like refugees from Colonel Sanders than Gamecocks and Penn pulled them apart 79-64 in the first round of the East Regional.

Now, as Coach Frank McGuire has it, South Carolina is "beginning a new era." Gone are Roche and the ACC—South Carolina will play as an independent—but not even McGuire knows for sure whether the new era will be entirely beneficial to his team. Sure, at last he is free of the tournament and the ACC, but now he picks up the problems of the independents, such as scheduling and longer trips into alien country. Clemson was the only ACC team willing to play South Carolina, for instance, so McGuire had to use all his charm and contacts to line up a representative slate of opponents. On second thought, representative might not be the precise word. The Gamecocks have scheduled themselves into the likes of Marquette, St. Bonaventure, Houston and Notre Dame and they will be seen in San Francisco, Philadelphia, Chicago, the Astrodome and, of course, New York. That's representative of something, all right. Like hara-kiri.

"We're playing much tougher teams than we were in the ACC," says McGuire, unable to resist winging a barb into his former colleagues. Happily, SC will be playing them with the help of two strong Long Islanders, 6' 10" senior Tom Riker and 6' 3" junior Kevin Joyce. Now that he is wearing contact lenses, Riker figures to improve his 14-point scoring average. Joyce, who will inherit much of Roche's leadership responsibilities, is noteworthy for his prodigious jumping and from-the-lip shooting. Helping Riker under the board will be 7-foot junior Danny Traylor, who should be more than adequate at center once he gains experience. If Traylor develops as rapidly as expected, the new day at South Carolina ought to be a winning one—perhaps a superlative one. This year's team will run more without Roche and have more offensive movement. Nobody seems "heartbroken," as Riker puts it, about being out of the ACC. "In fact, I'm sort of happy we're out," he says. "Now we can go and see what the country looks like." If all goes well, it should look like about 23-3, wins and losses, that is. And no Russian roulette.

CONTINUED



RIGHAM YOUNG

15 Coach Stan Watts has taken to heart the sign that greets visitors to his mountainside retreat in Provo, Utah. THE WORLD IS OUR CAMPUS, it says, and Watts could pencil in "playing and recruiting territory." During his 22 years at Brigham Young he has taken teams to the ends of the earth. Occasionally he brings the ends of the earth to Provo. This year there are four internationalists, a 6' 11" Yugoslav center, a 6' 6" Canadian and reserves from Finland and England. With their help, the Cougars should earn another NCAA tournament bid.

Three starters return from an 18-11 team that lost seven games by six or fewer points. Two of them, Guard Bernie Fryer, with a 19.2 scoring average, and Kresimir Cosic, who brought down 12.6 rebounds a game, are among the school's best ever. This Brigham Young team may, in fact, rank with the NIT titlists of 1951 and 1966. "We'll be good," the genial Watts says. "We have the things we missed last year, such as experience, guard depth, better rebounding at forward and better outside shooting."

Strangely, what Brigham Young may not have is its customary home court advantage. Over the last seven seasons the Cougars have won 88% of their games at Smith Field House. Now they move into the new Marriott Activities Center. Its 22,500 seats make it one of the largest school facilities in the country. Construction workers have pushed to get it ready for the opening tournament that features a team from each of the four time zones. "Our opponents will know that place as well as we will," says Watts. "Playing there will take getting used to."

At least as exciting as the new gym is Cosic (pronounced Cho-sich), the Yugoslav who averaged 15 points per game and was truly outstanding by the end of the season. "His only problem is his independence," says Watts. "He certainly knows the game, but he tries to do things a big kid shouldn't do, like lead the fast break. Of course he does a lot of things very well, like shoot from the outside. I don't think there is a big man around who can stay with him because of his quickness and agility."

Cosic, whose exploits were reported back to Yugoslavia last year by a writer named Boris Pasternak (no relation), admits that "All the time I like to handle the ball." Fryer says it is a case of a 6' 11" center believing he is a guard. In reality, Fryer's guardmate will be one of three sophomores up from a freshman team that averaged over 100 points a game. The best bet is Doug Richards. The team's forwards are its Canadian import, Phil Tollestrup, who averaged 11.5 points, and 6' 8" Jay Bunker, a reserve who scored 27 points and had 17 rebounds in an impressive win over Villanova.



T. BONAVENTURE

16 Let us say you want to make up a basketball team from thin air, which is right where you'd find this one, since it is a thousand miles from anywhere and at least 65 from Buffalo. To make it totally unreal, say it is a major college team whose tallest man is 6' 5". That's an upset right there. Then say this 6' 5" biggie, who has some gunslinger name like Matt Gantt, is out of action six games and severely hampered in the rest by a problem of the heart: not over some 5' 2" chickie but a genuine heartsickness, an inflammation of the pericardial tissues. So this team is out there performing absolutely topless. Sometimes its biggest man is 6' 3". Now say it wins 21 games, takes the Gator Bowl tournament and runs Georgia Tech to two overtimes in the NIT semifinals. And what would you name such a team? St. Bonaventure, of course.

But that was last year. For 1971-72 the Bonnies have added some bit of height to the act, 6' 9" Glenn Price, which should help. The sophomore center has quickness, a good outside shot and excellent moves underneath. He will play high post but is not ready for low, where Bob Lanier used to operate. Gantt, completely healed, goes back to forward, where his kangaroo shots are deadly. ("Jump shots" is an understatement; Gantt sometimes jumped center even when the 6' 11" Lanier was around.) Coach Larry Weise will be able to zone more convincingly and his 3-2 continuity offense, stressing more options off the high post, will look very believable.

Paul Hoffman was believable all along. Here is a 6' 1" guard who averages 51% of his shots from the floor, sets up plays with exceptional coolness, revs up the rah-rah quotient and gets 144 rebounds, too. At the other forward, Carl Jackson averaged 48% and 14.1 points and got 209 rebounds last season. And there is the good ball handler, Guard Vic Thomas, who averaged a very respectable 44% from the field. St. Bonaventure may lack depth, but sophomore Guard Rick Murray, for one, combines good scoring potential with sound defense.

The Bonnies seldom leave their isolated part of the country. They play only nine "away" games this season, and five of those are so nearby as to barely count. But it is not only the home court advantage they enjoy. It's that abominable weather, which provides a perfect setting for ambushing visitors. "That wind," Gantt says. "You duck behind a building to escape it, and it comes all the way around and smacks you in the butt. One day they called off classes because it was snowing so hard you couldn't see the buildings to get to them." When South Florida snowshoes in on Jan. 31, its big worry will not be winning (it won't), but whether it will ever get out again.

CONTINUED

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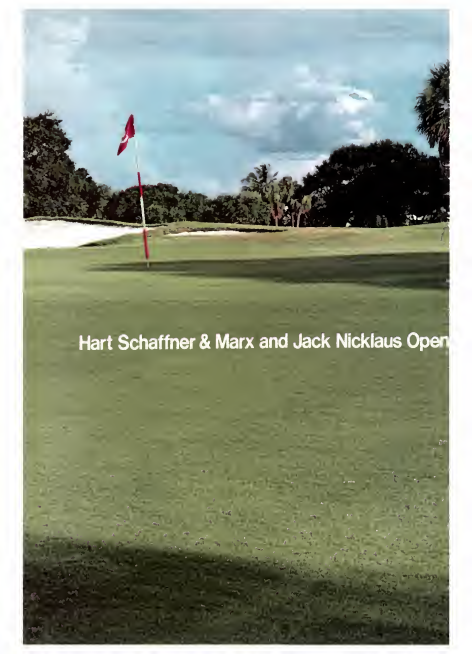
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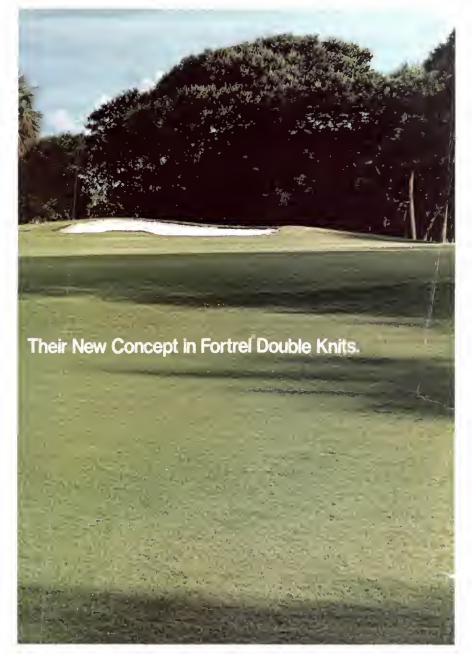


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Source: U.S. Census Bureau, "Marriage, Divorce, Remarriage in the 1990s," Current Population Reports, Series 68-22, Washington, D.C., 1995.



JACKSONVILLE

17 The old sign seems particularly appropriate hanging there in the Jacksonville dressing room: "The improbable we can do immediately, the impossible might take us awhile." With only two starters back, the Dolphins may yet pull off the improbable. But the impossible concerns ignoring the loss of Artis Gilmore. He blocked 269 shots last season, which is considerably more shots than will be blocked by the entire Dolphin team in 1971-72.

The blocks the Dolphins can count on no doubt will come from 7-foot Dave Brent. So far he is no Gilmore but in time he may bat down his share. Brent is more of a scorer, however. He led the freshman team with 25.8 points a game, 20.5 rebounds and a .571 field goal percentage en route to being voted Freshman Player of the Year in the Southeast. Obviously, he will not give you the back of his hand, like Gilmore, but the front of his hand, even from 15 feet, is being counted on heavily. "He has the talent to be one of the best players ever in college basketball," Coach Tom Wasdin claims. In a varsity-freshman game last year Brent scored 45 points against Gilmore (7' 2") and Pembroke Burrows (7' 0").

Point Guard Harold Fox changes from being the most sought-after JC player in the country two years ago to one of the most wanted senior guards. He can shoot and he can play defense. Last season he averaged 19 points a game while sinking exactly half of his shots and he put in almost three-quarters of his free throws, all the while terrorizing would-be scorers.

Joining Fox as co-captain is Forward Ernie Fleming, a 6' 7" senior who has already been drafted by the Atlanta Hawks. Fleming and Gilmore were teammates in junior college and worked out together over the summer. Although Flem will not command the multimillion-dollar contract that Gilmore did, he knows that his value will appreciate with his effectiveness this year.

Should Wasdin utilize the two-guard front, the second will be sophomore Leon Bonbow, a 6' 5" leaper who shoots with amazing accuracy (in one practice session he connected on 19 of 20 field goals from 15 feet out). Because of disciplinary problems, Bonbow played on an AAU team last year instead of the freshman squad and the exposure did nothing to hurt him. At the wing opposite Fleming will be either Abe Steward, a first-team junior college All-America, or Kevin O'Riordan, a starter at Miami before that school dropped basketball.

For all his talented players, Wasdin has to have some impossible luck to survive his improbable schedule, which includes such heavies as Furman, Marquette, Florida State, Providence and Houston.



KENTUCKY

18 There is no indignity that Adolph Rupp has not suffered at least once. Asked about the early departure of 7-foot Tom Payne, who abandoned Kentucky—after only one season—to play pro ball, Rupp dusted off memories of another escape of 37 years before. "The boy's name was Leroy Edwards," he began. "A good player and big for his day and the reason the three-second rule was created. He quit to join one of those pro teams around then. But we were able to get over it."

The absence of Payne, along with two other starters from Rupp's 26th SEC championship team, nevertheless raises bothersome questions about the upcoming season. The Wildcats are thin in numbers and, most unusual, count four out-of-staters among the likely starting five. One of them is a lad who swears not to have heard of Rupp until he was a senior in high school. The lone Kentuckian is 6' 6" Larry Stamper from Beattyville who had an undisputed sophomore season.

Payne will be replaced by promising but foul-prone Jim Andrews, a frequently used 6' 11" reserve last year whose rebounds-per-minute average was actually the best on the team. He even appeared brilliant on occasion, as in the game against Auburn when, as the story goes, he followed a missed shot by leaping from the foul line, turning around in midair and putting the ball in with his back to the basket. "Well, not exactly," Andrews admits today. "I was trying to pass."

The mainstay of Kentucky's team is 6' 7" Tom Parker, whose 17.6 average topped the Wildcats during the 22-6 campaign. He is as durable and consistent as he is talented, and something of an optimist about the new season. "We can be better this year because I've never been on a team that got along so well. We've got plenty of talent and Andrews will help improve the defense."

Kent Hollenbeck, a 6' 4" guard who averaged 14 points per game, is Kentucky's only other returning starter. He will be joined in the backcourt by Bob McGowan, who was caught bellying up to the bar a season and a half ago and sent into exile. At the time he was a frequent starter who had been chosen Most Valuable Player of that season's UK Invitational Tournament. The reserves are headed by a pair of sophomores, 6' 7" Rick Drewitz and little Ronnie Lyons, Kentucky's outstanding high school player two years ago, who averaged over 24 points a game as a freshman.

At 70, Rupp seems to be enjoying his best health in years. His last season, you dare wonder? Rupp has said nothing, but it appears that after several so-so recruiting years he has a bullyhooped freshman team that could be his best ever and, well, you know. . . .



T. JOHN'S

19 Twenty years ago St. John's went to the NCAA final before losing to Kansas and Clyde Lovellette. The Redmen have not climbed quite that high since, but this season the subway-riding students, the Vincentian Fathers and even The Great Stone Face himself, second-year Coach Frank Mulzoff, have hopes that the team will be the best in school history. That would be a singular accomplishment since St. John's has won exactly 1,001 games in 64 seasons and earned 20 NIT invitations. Only two other schools have a better winning percentage over the years.

The main reason for all the optimism on the Borough of Queens campus is 6' 7" junior Forward Mel Davis from Boys High of Brooklyn, one of the most famous player incubators in the country. As a sophomore, Davis averaged 20.7 points and 17.8 rebounds while the Redmen were winning 18 and losing nine. Davis goes up so high that he wears five pairs of socks to ease the shock when he comes down. But that's nothing at all for the Redmen. His teammate, 6' 6" sophomore Ed Searcy, wears seven pairs of socks, meaning he leaps higher than Davis—or maybe his shoes are too big.

Searcy played for a powerful team at New York City's Power Memorial High, alma mater of Lew Alcindor. Two of his illustrious teammates went to Maryland, but Searcy opted for Duquesne University in Pittsburgh. He was unhappy, transferred to St. John's and sat out last season. His presence (he's eligible for the last 13 games) will ease Davis' rebounding responsibilities. But just in case those two do not grab every carom in sight, there is 7-foot Billy Phillips and 6' 9" Greg Cluess, the team captain, both starters last year. The St. John's backcourt is only slightly less impressive. The main candidates are 6' 5" Bill Schaeffer (second high scorer last season at forward), Kevin Raftery, Larry Jenkins and Richie Lyons. "We'll have some vicious practices because we have eight or nine men," says Mulzoff, his usually immobile face cracking into a broad grin.

There are some minuses, of course. The Redmen have only three home games in December, playing tournament dates in Maryland, West Virginia and New Mexico. They will have to face such top teams as Davidson, Vanderbilt and the tourney opponents before Searcy becomes eligible. Schaeffer has yet to prove he can make the transition to guard, and Davis must start driving to the basket once in a while to keep the defenses honest. He knows the problem, says Mulzoff, and is working to correct it.

But quibble not about St. John's. The Redmen are so well stocked that Coach Mulzoff allowed one big prospect (he was 6' 10") to stay with the fencing team.



MINNESOTA

20 It was not anything like this at Minnesota a year ago. Oh, the football team was losing and Max Shulman was having his digs at the place, but the school had not won a Big Ten title outright in basketball since the year after the signing of the World War I Armistice and there was no immediate prospect of winning one. And there certainly wasn't all this awesome young talent clapping and grinning and getting ready under maximum security in Williams Arena, where the Gophers play basketball and where Bill Musselman is about to end all that losing business. Musselman is the guy who brought excitement into the lives of the citizens of Ashland, Ohio—he won 129 college division games there in six years—and now at 31 he is Minnesota's fifth basketball coach in five years.

Musselman most likely will begin the big change by starting five blacks, four over 6' 6" and all from out of state. Two of them, Ron Behagen and Clyde Turner, were among the four best junior-college players in the country last year. A third, Center Jim Brewer, is the core of the team and supreme around the basket, particularly on defense. He shot only .402 last year, primarily because he had to come outside to get the ball away from his guards. In the process he missed precious tip-ins and offensive rebounds and Minnesota staggered to an 11-13 year. Brewer almost left school in midseason or at least he let it be known he was disappointed enough in the coaching staff to consider leaving. The whole thing was really just a tactical move to shake up the status quo, he says now.

A fanatic on defense and fundamentals, Musselman firmly believes his one-guard offense will work with sophomore Keith Young or possibly Bob Nix at the point. Corky Taylor is his fourth big man, now that his knee injury seems healed. In addition he wants to see how opposing coaches will like Behagen, a 6' 9" mud stork, flapping all over their biggest guard. Behagen is light enough on his feet to cover most guards in the country.

At practice Musselman appears brutal, constantly blowing his whistle like a drill sergeant and barking like one too. He swears he is not asking his men to do anything he would not do, and one day proved his point by ripping the knees of his \$35 flares diving for a loose ball. But off court he treats his players like younger brothers, dressing alongside them in their locker room where his last name is stenciled on his locker as it is on anyone else's. He even buys some of the rock 45s the team plays during the kind of ball-handling drills he made famous at Ashland. One of Behagen's favorites, by Sly and the Family Stone, is *I Want To Take You Higher*. That has got to be Musselman's theme for the year.

CONTINUED

FIVE MORE AND THE BEST OF THE REST

No team ever deserved more to belong in the top 20, except, . . . The flaw is defense, and if Harvard (yes, Harvard, whose winter love story has always been hockey) decides finally to play defense, watch out. Potentially, the Crimson is the best of the non-ranked teams in the country. It might be better than that.

In a way the 1971 Crimson constitute a veritable miracle. They play in the attic (seating 1,400) of a building where the big splash is the pool. Even indoor tennis at Harvard has more modern facilities. But two more high school All-Americans, Tony Jenkins and Jim Fitzsimmons, join two others, juniors Floyd Lewis, a 6' 7" forward, and James Brown, a 6' 6" guard. Lewis led all New England scorers last winter in shooting percentage (52.3), and Brown was All-New England. Jenkins, 6' 8", smashed his predecessors' freshman records, averaging 26.2 points a game and 17.3 rebounds. Fitzsimmons, a fearsome outside shooter for the freshmen at Duke, averaged 57% from the backcourt before he transferred. There are plenty of scorers and height behind these four. Now, if somebody would just block a shot.

There is a revival going on in Greenville, S.C., but this time it has nothing to do with religion. The scene is Furman University and the scene setter is mod dresser Joe Williams, the son of a onetime Methodist circuit preacher who will never be mistaken for a man of the cloth. Last season, Williams' first since coming from Jacksonville (where he recruited Artis Gilmore), he took a strictly no-talent team and managed a 15-12 record. "It was satisfying," says Williams, "but this season I've got that old feeling." He should have. Back are 6' 7" Russ Hunt and 5' 10" Don Jackson, and with them are two excellent performers, 6' 6" Bud Bierly and 6' 8" Roy Simpson. Simpson played with North Carolina's Robert McAdoo at Vincennes JC and there were those around Vincennes who thought Simpson was better.

In a tactic that 100 years ago might have rewritten the history of the Plains, West Texas State Coach Dennis Walling is arming his Buffaloes with a shotgun—a four-plus-one shotgun offense to be exact. "I think we'll win 20 games," says Walling. He very well could. His schedule is the unrepresentative sort that a coach can love. He has an experienced team that beat four NCAA playoff clubs last winter. It is headed by Ray Golson (19.9 points a game) and Steve Davidson (18 points), both of New York. It also has a fine 6' 8" junior-college transfer, Jon McCoy. And it has that interesting shotgun in which each player

rotates to a new position on every pass. Buffaloes people.

Teams traveling to DeKalb, Ill. this winter had better think in terms of Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*. That's the picture in which Cary Grant is strafed by a loaded crop duster. Northern Illinois, a major college for the last four years, has a 6' 9" duster named Jim Bradley and everybody, but everybody, is saying he is the finest sophomore in the Midwest. In Northern's opening scrimmage Bradley snatched the first two defensive rebounds, dribbled behind his back to the center of the floor and, when the fast break stalled, drilled 15-footers. The Huskies were only 13-10 last year, despite finishing third in the nation in scoring (92.7). Coach Tom Jorgensen insists the problem was not defense but simply a lack of size. He has that now.

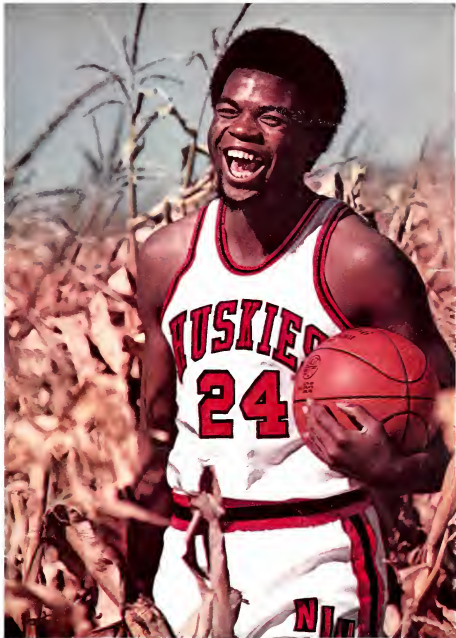
And so to Denver, which has gone to the NCAA final round nine times and won the championship five times in the last 13 years. The hockey team, that is. The basketball team, up to last season, usually split a couple with Regis and the local cowboys and went off to ski. Then Coach Jim Karabetsos and his 6' 8" pivotman, Dave (Stretch) Bustion, a transfer from Northeastern JC in Sterling, Colo., came to town. The Pioneers' 13-game winning streak was finally halted by Loyola in the last game. The loss deprived NIT fans of a chance to watch the exciting Bustion reaching for the rims. Stretch, who averaged 19.5 points and 12 rebounds in 1970-71, has play director Bill Jones (brother of the NBA's Wally), high scorer Joe Wallace, another Northeastern transfer, and 6' 7" Ura Sipial to help him. Beware of Greek coaches bearing Bustions.

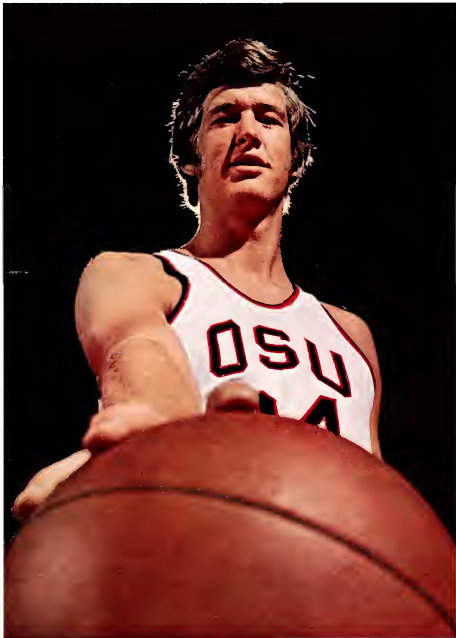
SOUTH North Carolina State was barely into a lackluster 13-14 season when Coach Norman Sloan looked longingly toward his freshman team, where 7' 4" Tom Burleson was showing off tall potential. "I can hardly wait," Sloan sighed. Burleson is varsity now and he stands out among this year's garden of giant sophomores as the biggest and one of the best. Only 19 and still developing—State might have redshirted him were he not needed so much right now—he will form an imposing double post with 6' 9" Paul Coder, the top returning scorer and rebounder. Unfortunately, Coder and 6' 7" Bob Heuts may be distracted from their best games by recent charges of possessing marijuana. Virginia's Bill (Hoot) Gibson welcomes standout Guard Barry Parkhill and three others from a 15-11 team that could surprise everybody if it learns to win on the road. Last season's away record: 6-10. The rest of the Atlantic Coast Conference is either losing ground (Duke), rebuilding (Wake Forest) or trying very hard to get started (Clemson).

The Southeastern Conference expects its most competitive race in years. The new five-second front court rule will speed things up at Tennessee, which returns high-scoring Guard Mike Edwards from its 21-7 NIT team. LSU has a fruit basket full of talent in 6' 7" Al

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As high as an elephant's eye are 6' 8" Jim Bradley, Northern Illinois and the good XL-66 DeKalb cannon.





(Apple) Sanders (21 points, 15 rebounds) and 6' 9" Bill (Fig) Newton (19, 12). Only the backcourt needs help. Georgia will rise from 10th place, probably to the first division, with transfers John Fraley and Tim Bassett and eagerly awaited sophomore Charles Anderson. Improving Alabama, which returns everyone, adds two high-scoring sophomores. Mississippi lost Johnny Neumann but the Rebs have their second straight outstanding freshman team coming in.

While Western Kentucky was slipping a little, Eastern Kentucky and Murray State did some catching up, which should make for an interesting race in the Ohio Valley Conference. Western has Guards Jerry Dunn and Rex Bailey back from its third-place NCAA team. In 1968 they played on a state championship club coached by Jim Richards, who succeeds the promoted John Oldham. Eastern returns four starters from a 16-8 team and one of them, 25-point scorer George Bryant, may be the league's best player. Murray State was 19-5 last winter. It has three starters returning, led by junior Les Taylor.

Even with Furman getting all that attention in the Southern Conference, Davidson, which has won the regular season title the last four years, should not be dismissed. Forward Joe Sutter, who led the team in scoring last season, is one of three returning lettermen. If gifted Guard Bryan Adrian is able to play after two knee operations, he and sophomore John Falconi could make the Wildcats tough again.

Tougher yet could be Southwestern Louisiana, going big college with Dwight Lamar, who averages 36 points, often firing from midcourt. Lamar and SWL are ambitious.



WEST Oregon State was threatening to become a power in the Pacific Eight under Coach Ralph Miller last year, when an auto accident took the life of one player and disabled another. The Beavers are recovering only now, with three starters returning and an outstanding 6' 11" forward coming up from the freshman team. The forward, Steve Ericksen, averaged 23 points a game last year and promises to be an outside shooter of the Mel Counts mold. He will ably complement versatile Guard Freddie Boyd, who averaged 18 points. At Washington the outlook is brightening, too. New Coach Marv Harshman will be even cheerier if 6' 10" Steve Hawes' knee proves sound again. He averaged 20 points and 15 rebounds. Oregon has Penn's old coach, Dick Harter, but not its players, and Stanford has shooter Claude Terry.

Long Beach State is not exactly alone in its own conference, the PCAA. To begin with, there is last year's second-place finisher, UC-Santa Barbara, which is missing only one starter from a 20-6 team. Then there is Pacific, newly arrived from the WCAC, where it won the title a year ago. The Tigers are built around 6' 10" Center John Giannelli, who scored 21 points a game and grabbed 18 re-

Steve Ericksen, 6' 11" and with matinee-idol looks, is one reason Oregon State will act tough.

bounds in 1970-71, and sophomore Guard John Errecart.

Seattle, taking Pacific's place in the WCAC, will contend with Santa Clara, another veteran team, for the league championship. Both are coming off rare losing seasons, and the road back is going to be complicated by exceptional sophomores on three other clubs. Pepperdine's William (Bird) Averitt and Nevada-Las Vegas' Robert Florence each scored 36 points a game as a freshman, and 6' 9½" Kevin Restani broke the freshman scoring and rebounding records of Bill Russell and Ollie Johnson at San Francisco.

The favorite seldom wins the Western Athletic Conference title, and that augurs well for Arizona State and Texas-El Paso, giving chase to Brigham Young. High-scoring State returns its "Iron Eight" from a 16-10 team, led by top scorer and rebounder Paul Stovall. He is a solid 225-pounder whose willingness to play rough inside has caught the attention of pro football scouts. UTEP is another team that will use its depth at forward and guard to advantage because "we couldn't recruit a center," says Coach Don Haskins. But 6' 6" Scott English can high-jump 7' 2", and there is an outstanding sophomore in 6' 8" James Forbes, another of those comparative unknowns who played on the Pan Am team.

Weber State should continue its three-year domination of the Big Sky Conference despite the loss of Willie Sojourner. And once again, the Southwest Conference race is as wide open as it is meaningless. For the record, Texas, with newcomer Larry Robinson, is a slender favorite.

One of the West's better independents is Hawaii. The Rainbows return everyone from a 23-5 team that was among the national leaders in both scoring and rebounding but blew its NIT chance. Explosive Portland State has a fine brother act in Willie and Charlie Stoudamire; Utah State, suffering from the departures of Marv Roberts and Nate Williams, has no act.



LAST Well, the son of the undertaker is gone, and it's like the old days again for Marty and his Bronx buddies. "Wha duh ya wanna do?" one of them would ask the laconic Marty (when Ernest Borgnine was playing the role). "I don' oh," he'd answer, "wha duh you wanna do?" Last year nobody asked. They marched over to Rose Hill on Fordham Road and watched the Rams of Digger Phelps. It was the kind of show they knew and loved. New York basketball, all scrap and drive, "Duh bigga dey ah, duh hoddah dey fall." Before the season was over Notre Dame did fall and Marquette just managed to keep its balance in overtime.

The new season brings Hal Wissel as coach but no Martys to Fordham Road. Wissel left Lafayette (and Tracy Tripucka, the East's leading returning scorer) to replace Phelps and the one-year miracle. Wissel inherited starters Ken Charles and Bart Woytowicz and the cry has to be, "Waid a next year." Rutgers also has a new coach, but next year may not be Dick Lloyd's problem. Bill Foster, who departed for Utah, left Lloyd with John Somogyi, the New Jersey high school career scoring leader who

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came home after spending two years at New Mexico. Somogyi will wear No. 14, once the number of Bobby Lloyd, the All-America and Dick's younger brother. A supporting cast of 6' 9" Gene Armistead, Steve Kaplan and Vinnie Roundtree will make Rutgers almost as attractive as its crosstown affiliate, Douglass College. Miss New Jersey, Miss Black New Jersey, Miss Teen-Age America and Miss Bikini U.S.A. all attend Douglass.

Philadelphia's Big Five has hired its own advertising and public relations agency, perhaps in the wrong year. Aside from Penn, only Villanova has the sort of team Philadelphia has grown accustomed to. Three starters, rugged Hank Siemionkowski and Guards Chris Ford and Tom Inglesby, are back from the Villanova team that lost the NCAA championship game to UCLA—and the season by forfeit when star Howard Porter was declared a pro. Temple, La Salle and St. Joseph's play the feisty defense the city is noted for and each could be a spoiler. Temple especially. The Owls generally seem to start slowly, but then Coach Harry Litwack subdues his gnawing ulcer and things begin to happen.

In the rugged Ivies, Princeton is only third, but what a third. Shooters Brian Taylor and Ted Manakas have a friend in 6' 10" Andy Rimol. Columbia, making new moves, has talented sophomores, and Dartmouth will add Bill Rymor to a team that already includes Paul Erland and James Brown, Hanover edition.

Three positive dark horses all come from the Pittsburgh area—Duquesne, Pitt and St. Francis. Lionel (Big Train) Billings and Billy Knight will make their debuts for the Dukes and Panthers respectively, and St. Francis has Kevin Porter, a deadly shooter and passer.

Rhode Island may become the best in the Yankee Conference and one of the best in New England, if its transfers come through. Tops among them is Don Blackman, 6' 8", from Duke. West Virginia's Wil (one L) Robinson, one of the nation's better guards, singlehandedly makes the Mountaineers a sleeper. In St. Bonaventure country, Syracuse, Canisius and Niagara, with Cleve Royster moving up from the freshmen to help Marshall Wingate, are around to pick up the pieces should the Bonnies fall apart. Georgetown, George Washington and American University, with outstanding rebounder Kermit Washington, each has at least one good player.



MIDWEST Between them, Kansas and Kansas State have won the Big Eight title 17 times since 1950, and one or the other should win again, although neither will dominate the conference as Kansas (14-0) did last year. State is strong, tall, experienced, not very quick and the league favorite. KU's guards, Aubrey Nash and sophomore Tom Kivisto, are so good that All-America Bud Stallworth has been moved to forward. However, the Jayhawks have not found a Clyde Lovellette, Wayne Hightower, Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Bridges or (most recent of the big men) Dave Robisch to play the pivot. Oklahoma will be close if it can overcome its lack of reserves, but the most exciting team should be Iowa State, a lowly 5-21 last season but

now in the hands of Maury John. He proved himself as a junior-college recruiter almost without peer when he was at Drake, and already he has at least three transfer students starting.

Not that they needed assistance that much, but fate and funds lend helping hands to Ohio State and Minnesota in the Big Ten when Michigan lost Ken Brady and Indiana lost George McGinnis, who traded his last two years for a contract with the Indiana Pacers. Brady, a 6' 10" monster and the central figure in the Wolverine offense and defense, had knee surgery in October and will not be back until January at best. Until then, Henry Wilmore will have to work his abundant talents overtime to get the points while replacement Center Ernie Johnson goes after the rebounds. Indiana's new coach, Bob Knight, would like the Hoosiers to forget their impetuous past, play defense and look for the good shot. That kind of gamesmanship and Joby Wright's decision to remain in school even after his name appeared on an ABA hardship list should compensate somewhat for the loss of McGinnis and all those football games. There are talented individuals throughout the league (Illinois' Nick Weatherpoon is one, Wisconsin's 6' 9" twins, Ken and Kerry Hughes, are two others), but Purdue is the only other team likely to be in contention for the championship.

Drake's Bulldogs, who represented the Missouri Valley in the NCAA tournament last year, have lost their bite with their coach and four starters gone. St. Louis and Memphis State should push Louisville. "Miami's Midgits" have grown up. Their tall sophomore class, which beat Ohio State, Purdue and Kentucky as freshmen, should help them repeat as Mid-American champions.

Among the independents there is not really anybody; there is not, in particular, Notre Dame, even with the addition of ex-Fordham Coach Digger Phelps. The firm of Austin Carr, Collis Jones and Sid Catlett has graduated, 6' 8" John Shumate has thrombophlebitis in his legs and Captain-elect Doug Gennell broke one of his own wheels in a cycle accident. Phelps will have to live up to his nickname merely to achieve .500. A good Dayton club is rebuilding; Marshall has cornerman Russell Lee; Detroit leads the nation in player rebellions; Xavier and DePaul will not trouble anyone and Cincinnati, although it will have a 19th straight winning season with the addition of 6' 5" sophomore Lloyd Batts, will not remind anybody of the Oscar Robertson days. Loyola of Chicago, despite the presence of 6' 10" Center LaRue Martin, the nation's sixth-best rebounder, is still looking for that lost magic, too.

Southern Illinois won the new Midwestern Conference's first basketball title with ease, and Evansville, whose Don Buse stirs memories of Jerry Sloan, took the NCAA College Division championship for a record fifth time. However, neither school is used to the kind of treatment it will get this year. Greg Starrick, a 22.4 scorer and the nation's leading free-throw shooter, will lead the Salukis against taller and faster Northern Illinois. Butler's little Billy Shepherd has scored 1,347 points in two seasons, and if the Bulldogs improve themselves much in early games with Illinois, Drake, Minnesota, Western Kentucky, Ohio State, Michigan State, Indiana and Cincinnati, they'll be too much for the Indiana Collegiate Conference they still play in.

A BIG NAME FOR THE SMALL COLLEGES

by WILLIAM F. REED

A man going into Eau Claire, Wis. in search of a small-college basketball team—or even a small college—is in for a massive disappointment. There is a school there, but it has 8,650 students, a large campus on the banks of the Chippewa River and a name to match. Little of Eau Claire recently became part of the newly created state university system, with the unfortunate result that it is now the University of Wisconsin—Eau Claire. As for the basketball team, it is large, too. When Coach Ken Anderson says "we're physical," he means that the University of Wisconsin—Eau Claire might just have the biggest, baddest outfit west of the Milwaukee Bucks.

The Bugolds—the nickname sounds like an esoteric strain of marijuana—come at you with two forwards who are built like lumberjacks. One, 6' 8", is a straight-A student, while the other, 6' 5", has such a penchant for aggressiveness that he is known as The Bruiser. Their leader is a tough street kid who would mug his own mother if she tried to take away the special ball marked John Roche (after the former South Carolina guard from New York's East Side) that he uses in practice. And in the middle of these frightening gentlemen is a baby bull of a center who likes Shakespeare and is known, simply, as The King.

His majesty's real name is Mike Ratliff and he is the main reason why Eau Claire's slaughterhouse five has won 51 of 55 games over the past two years, terrified the Wisconsin State University Conference and been ranked among the top teams in the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics. At 6' 10" and 230 pounds Ratliff is one of the best centers in the small-college ranks—sort of a little's big man—and the latest in a growing line of talented NAIA giants, following such pros as Luke Jackson, Willis Reed and Elmore Smith. Thanks in part to his 40-inch arms ("they just keep getting longer," says Ratliff), he is an intimidating rebounder and shot-blocker as well as a 20-point scorer. And since he is the youngest member of Eau Claire's starting lineup, having turned 20 only last June, he is still short of his full potential.

Anderson is careful to emphasize that Ratliff is not a one-man team, which is true, but he is the man who enables Eau Claire to become more than just another good club. His value to the Bugolds was painfully obvious last March, when they went to Kansas City for the NAIA's gala, week-long, 32-team championship tournament. The Bugolds came to town with a glittering 25-1 record, their only loss being a four-pointier at the hands of defending champion Kentucky State in late December. With some 2,000 loyalists on hand to lend support, Eau Claire quickly dis-

posed of two opponents. When the Bugolds zipped to an 11-point halftime lead, they thought they had also buried their quarterfinal foe—Eastern Michigan—which they had drubbed by 13 points during the season. But early in the second half Ratliff picked up his fourth personal foul. "When Mike got in trouble it didn't hurt us as much as it fired up Eastern Michigan," recalls Forward Tom Jackson. Indeed, with Ratliff watching glumly from the bench, the Michigan team went slightly berserk. At the end the underdogs had won by seven points and the rabid fans filed home to the woodland country around Eau Claire to begin making plans for next year.

Well, next year is here. Ratliff is ready—"We've talked so much that I'm really anxious for the season to start," he says—and Guard Frank Schade, the team leader, is ready, too. "We've got two strikes against us," says Schade, "and we don't intend to strike out." With all six of last year's top players back, plus a superbly talented 6' 4" transfer named Duke Nash, Eau Claire has the size, depth, talent and experience to win the NAIA title next March in Kansas City. Some even think it could hold its own in Los Angeles, scene of the NCAA major-college finals, or New York City, home of the NIT. "Sure, we'd like to try some of the big schools," says Anderson. "I think we can play well against anybody."

If the basketball team cannot, surely the campus can. Eau Claire is located 90 miles due east of Minneapolis in the modest industrial community (pop. 42,000) of the same name. All but 26 of its 301 acres consist of a dense woodland known as Putnam Park. The so-called open campus, mainly residence halls and recreation areas, sits on a bluff overlooking the Chippewa River. The lower campus, where most of the academic buildings are located, is split by the river itself. Students journey to and from classes over a 700-foot bridge spanning the Chippewa. On good days they loaf on the river banks or along the little Niagara Creek that meanders through the campus and under the science building. When a new building is planned, the first considerations are mainly esthetic. How many trees will have to be cut down? What vistas will be destroyed?

Academically, Eau Claire is not the Harvard of the Midwest, but neither is it a jock shop. In fact, there is no such thing as an athletic scholarship; only those based on need and academic excellence are offered. The same standards are required of athletes as of all students, and they are more demanding than at most NAIA schools. The members of Eau Claire's varsity are bright, articulate, well-

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informed and congenial and they fit in neatly with a student body that cares far more for pep rallies than protest meetings. Even with a winning football team early this fall, the place was bubbling with basketball talk.

Not too far in the future the Bugolds hope to be playing in a new 10,000-seat arena, but for now they will have to make do with their tiny, 3,500-seat fieldhouse, where each game is a happening. Usually the students snap up basketball tickets so quickly that none are left to sell at the door. Once inside, the students are whipped into a frenzy by a squad of 18 cheerleaders. "There is so much noise before a game that the only way we know when to get on the floor for introductions is by lip-reading what the P.A. man is saying," says Anderson. "And it's traditional for everyone to stand and yell until we make our first basket. One game last year we didn't score for three minutes."

Those who cannot get in sit at home and listen to the voice of the Bugolds, Dave Kunz of station WBIZ. It was Kunz who first called Ratliff The King and Jackson The Bruiser. But those are only warmups. Kunz also has names for some of the others. Steve Johnson, the A student, is Stinky Steve because of his tight defense, usually against the opposition's top scorer. Tom Peck, a 6' 8" junior forward, is Powder Keg because of his explosive rebounding. And Schade, a fine outside shooter, is The Machine. In Kunz' world the basketball is the "orange," the foul lane is the "oven" and the madcourt time line is the "equator." The students either love Kunz or hate him, but all listen to him.

The rise in Eau Claire's fortunes—"When I was in high school Eau Claire was a joke," says Jackson—is due mainly to the talents and efforts of Anderson, a blond, thin and seemingly easygoing man of 39 who in practice changes into Simon Legree. "I'm calm and collected during games," he says, "but I kind of go wild in practice. I like to test my players, to try to break them mentally and physically." The result is plenty of bruising work and an occasional bloodbath which Anderson regards as a healthy sign. There was the time last season, for instance, when "Roche" Schade squared off against Jackson.

"We really got into it," says Schade, "and Coach didn't try to stop us, either, which was good. It taught us to respect each other."

Anderson enjoys telling about the time Schade knocked out a 6' 3" member of the diving team over dating a girl. But if the coach feels a certain kinship with his star guard, it is understandable. He has coached him for eight years, all through high school and college. Schade first went to Texas-El Paso, but quickly transferred to Eau Claire when Anderson accepted the head coaching job in 1968.

Anderson is picky about his recruiting: except for rare good fortune, only Wisconsin boys and only players who have been on winning teams. Shortly after coming to Eau Claire he landed three prime prospects—Jackson, Johnson and Guard James Lindsey. He also got Ratliff, but he was hardly considered a prize. Ratliff spent his youth bouncing around between parents, from Mississippi to Tennessee to Alabama. For four years, from the ages of 9 to 13, he lived on the south side of Philadelphia where, he says,

"I could have gotten in trouble—or become a juvenile delinquent, as they say in the sociology books."

Finally Ratliff wound up with his father in Racine. As a gangling 5' 11" high school freshman, he tried out for basketball but was promptly cut. That sufficiently discouraged him until his junior year in high school when he first was team manager, then a JV starter. He made the varsity as a senior but still averaged only 10 points and five rebounds a game as a 6' 4" forward. The college scouts were not exactly beating a path to his door—except for Anderson.

When they arrived in Eau Claire, Ratliff and Johnson, the pride of a tiny Mississippi River town named Trempealeau, were both skinny, naive and quite horrified by the bloodlust exhibited by Jackson and Schade. Even in their sophomore year, when Powder Keg Peck joined the team, Ratliff and Johnson did not become "physical" until after one memorable game with archival Stout University. "Both were bloodied up pretty good," recalls Anderson, "and Mike even had a tooth knocked back up in his head. I had to straighten it for him myself on the sideline. They both learned a lot that night. They never got pushed around again."

By the start of last season Ratliff had grown to 6' 10". He came into his own, in Anderson's opinion, against Kentucky State's Elmore Smith, now with Buffalo in the NBA. They battled to a standstill, Ratliff scoring 15 points and grabbing 12 rebounds to Smith's 17 and 12. Ratliff has improved a lot since then. He wound up averaging 19 points and 14 rebounds and during the summer he and Marquette's Jim Chones, his neighbor six blocks removed in Racine, played a lot of one-on-one at the community center gym. "I learned plenty from him," says Ratliff, while Chones told friends, "Mike gives me the toughest competition of anyone I've ever played against."

Like Chones, Ratliff was approached by pro agents at the end of last season. None made a concrete offer, however, which was fine with Ratliff. "I don't think I could play pro ball this year," he says, candidly. "And besides, I'm really interested in finishing school."

Away from his court The King is a gentle giant. He majors in business administration and minors in English and his idea of a good time is listening to records, dancing and, especially, playing a card game called sheephead. He shies from publicity but is so unselfconscious about his height that he sometimes wears high-heeled boots.

"I used to get uptight when people stared at me in a restaurant, like I wasn't a human being or something," says Ratliff, "but I've learned to handle it. Everything's cool now."

Cool, that is, for everybody but the poor devils who have to play against Mike Ratliff and the Bugolds. It looks very much like a sorry wioter in Oshkosh and White-water and all those other places where The King and his coterie will be holding court this season.

END

No troubled waters have flowed beneath the bridge at Eau Claire since Mike Ratliff came to town.



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Charles Pasarelli, who finished 11th in the World Championship Tennis standings, is getting married to **Shireen Fareed** this week and plans to whisk her off to Africa on a barnstorming tennis tour. Accompanying the bridal pair on their honeymoon will be **Arthur Ashe**, **Tom Okker** and **Marty Riessen**. Two is company, three is a crowd and four is a game of doubles. But what's five?

The injury-plagued Ohio State Buckeyes could take some small comfort from the plight of Ohio's 31-year-old attorney general, **William J. Brown**, who dislocated his left shoulder recently in a game of touch football on the OSU campus. The former Cador High School halfback says he was injured while attempting to block an unidentified ex-OSU grinder in a pickup game involving the attorney general's staff. The Brown team, of which W.J.B. is captain because "it's my ball," also lost the game.

The Crystal Tissue Company of Middletown, Ohio had to shut down operations for four days last week when two bowling balls were found clogging a line in the waste treatment system. "We absolutely have no positive knowledge of how the bowling balls got into the line," sputtered Crystal's vice-president, **Thom-**

as **McMurray**, who must not be a bowler. Obviously, they were gutter balls.

◆ Here are a bunch of Beasleys. At left is Minnesota Viking Tight End **John Beasley** with wife **Vicki**, and in the Stetson is **Joseph Beasley Jr.** of Lovelock, Nev., the owner of a silver mine, with his wife and daughter. Two years ago when **Joseph**, 74, saw **John** play in the Super Bowl, he thought there was something familiar about him. "That man sure does carry himself like a Beasley," he said, and a quick check of the family tree disclosed that, sure enough, **John** was a great nephew. It turned out Joe wasn't so bad as an uncle, either. This season **John** has been sidelined with a knee injury, which has been a tale demoralizing, he admits. Every cloud has a silver lining, however. Last week **John** was back in Minnesota after a trip to Lovelock, trying to decide whether to accept his great-uncle's offer of a \$60,000-a-year job as president of his silver mine.

Out in New Mexico a worm rancher applied to Revenue Commissioner **Franklin Jones** to have fishing worms exempted from the 4% sales tax, along with cattle, sheep and other livestock. Jones wriggled out of that

one, saying that worms are not livestock. Apparently you have to be at home on the range, not under it.

Sandy Koufax and his bride, the former **Anne Widmark**, daughter of actor **Richard Widmark**, weren't kidding when they told friends they were moving from Los Angeles to Maine to get away from it all. After settling into their hideaway in the woods near North Ellsworth, the Koufaxes received a phone call from an enterprising journalist wanting to come around, take some pictures and interview the new local celebrities. The former Cy Young Award winner, whose own interviews on NBC's baseball *Game of the Week* are legend, snapped, "I consider that an invasion of privacy."

Dinah Shore, in New York to announce a new \$110,000 golf tournament to be added to the ladies' pro tour next April, said she will try to get her 26 handicap down to 16 or so in order to enter the Colgate-Palmolive-sponsored event. "I don't deserve my golf score," commented **Dinah**. "but then I was born with buck teeth, and I didn't deserve them, either."

Former Wimbledon tennis champ **Aithya Gibson**, who switched to golf some years ago, complaining there was "no place to go in tennis," was asked what she now finds to be the main difference between tennis and golf. "In one of 'em," she said, "you run a lot."

Singing in a high-pitched tenor with an authentic country twang, **Merl Shortstop Bud Harrelson** was creating a sort of sensation last week at Henry's nightclub in Brooklyn. There, backed by the **Fred Warner Trio** and his own guitar, he belted out Buck Owens and Merle Haggard favorites in a fashion that prompt-

ed one reviewer to comment, "He is not likely to strike terror into the hearts of Nashville's top stars." In light of his notices, Harrelson will probably be back at his old stand at Shea Stadium next spring. Meanwhile, he plans to take voice lessons.

Secretary of Defense **Melvin Laird**, home from a trip to Southeast Asia, thinks more TV football games ought to be beamed to our boys in Vietnam, O.K., if he is talking about the Dolphins, Vikings and like that. But what do you say we send all the Buffalo games to the Viet Cong, Mr. Secretary?

◆ Any Notre Dame fan worth his shamrock will recognize **Frank Leahy**, now 63 and apparently recovered enough from a long illness to get out with the old pigskin for an afternoon's practice session near his home at Lake Oswego, Ore. His two pupils are grandsons **Frank**, 11, and **John**, 9—both quarterbacks on grade-school teams.





Vassar may not be an Oklahoma or Nebraska, but the Big Pink is better than Sarah Lawrence

Best of the Powder Puffs

Once upon a time, tucked in the hills of the Hudson River Valley about 90 miles above New York City, there was a women's college called Vassar. It was an exclusive little school, well known for turning rich, bright young girls into rich, bright young ladies ready to seek fame, fortune and husbands in the outside world. The college at Poughkeepsie remained that way for well over 100 years, until, in 1969, it decided to admit male students. Now, two years later, campus life has changed radically with the influx of more than 600 men, almost one-third the total enrollment. Vassar even has a football team nicknamed the Big Pink, complete with a bearded coach who stalks the sidelines in his shirt-sleeves and shouts, "Look alive out there, you guys. We came here to win." Can this be for real?

Well, sort of. The Big Pink—school colors are a feminine pink and gray—is really a touch-football team, but it does play with considerable gusto, as it did the other day in winning its first road game of the season, 33-24 over Sarah Lawrence, another women's bastille gone coed.

"We're No. 1," Big Pink fans shouted as the game ended, although a Sarah Lawrence girl sniffed, "I don't see how you can be No. 1 when you've only played one game."

Luckily, Butch Hirsch, a stocky eco-

nomics major from Glencoe, Ill. who is student coach of the Vassar team and has a full Vince Lombardi act to inspire his players, did not hear her. Butch doesn't take such things lightly. In fact, Butch is one of the few Vassar students who takes sport—any sport—very seriously, and all fall he had wanted his Noyes House team to be the one to represent Vassar against mighty Sarah Lawrence. He even penciled Lombardi dictums ("There's only one place and that's first place" and "The harder you fight, the harder it gets to surrender") on the ceiling above his bed.

Butch, the self-appointed coach and manager, and his team from Noyes had played intramural football—the six-man-touch variety—against 11 other dorm teams since September. Noyes already had built its reputation last year as the jock dorm on campus, winning titles in intramural football, softball, soccer and basketball. The current Noyes boys beat Raymond House 15-0 before the Sarah Lawrence game, thus finishing the inter-dorm competition with a 4-0 record and the title. "They're very gung-ho in Noyes," says John Humphrey, a geography lecturer at Vassar. "I think a couple of the guys take it all too seriously."

Janet Griffith, a freshman from New York, agrees. "It's very uncool to be in sports up here. If a guy plays football

or wears madras shorts around the dorm, forget it."

Perhaps no one on campus is more aware of the overall low-key sports feeling than Ray Streit, the organizer of the college's team sports, and the only man among six women in the school's phys-ed department. Streit, a lacrosse player at Syracuse for four years, came to Vassar in 1969 when it went coed and needed a man on the P.E. staff. "When I first arrived I came on like a ton of bricks," he says. "The students told me to go sit down." Streit now organizes the touch-football program in the fall, but leaves the boys "pretty much on their own" after that. He coaches the three other team sports—lacrosse, soccer and basketball—and teaches both men and women golf, turf skiing and tennis.

Butch Hirsch amazes Streit, and so does the rising interest in football he and the Noyes team create. After hearing that Noyes drew a crowd of more than 100 at its final inter-dorm game, Streit said, "I can't get 20 people out to look at a soccer game." Last year Streit officiated all the football games himself, but this season he hired six student referees to remove that burden from his hectic schedule. "The guys play for real, too," says Bill Tsano, one of the student refs who broke a couple of toes playing for his own dorm a few weeks ago. "They are always arguing with the refs and hollering every other play." For their trouble, Tsano and the other officials each earn \$1.65 an hour, the only expense incurred by Vassar for its foot-

continued

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ball program, slightly less than that of, say, Ohio State. That bit of money comes out of the phys-ed budget, supervised by Betty Richey, chairman of the department and a teacher at Vassar since 1937. "I love football but it is stupid to get into it too much," says Miss Richey. "The men's schools have made so many errors, and we just don't intend to do the same."

Miss Richey has been disappointed in the small number of men students who enroll in phys ed, especially since Vassar stopped requiring P.E. for its students and substituted academic credits last year for some of the phys-ed courses taken. "I think women are much more interested in being in classes than men," she says. "Men always like to compete."

Hirsch probably is the most competitive man on Vassar's campus. After a few beers at Pizza Town, a college hangout, he admitted he really believes "all this stuff about winning—in everything, not just football." He rambled on, wishing Vassar could play football in some kind of small conference ("for guys like us who couldn't play at a big-time school"), for uniforms ("or at least matching shirts") and finally for a bus that would take the team and any fans who wanted to journey to Bronxville and Sarah Lawrence on Sunday. His enthusiasm was catching. Bill Kumer Jr., Noyes House's vice-president in charge of publicity, talked about the letter he had written to Howard Cozell, hoping the sportscaster could come to Sarah Lawrence to see the game. "Besides, his daughter goes there anyhow," Kumer said. Jeff Wishik, a bio-chem major who plays safety for Noyes, recalled a press release he had sent to the Vassar newspaper, *The Misc*. The notice was supposed to say "If Noyes wins," and instead said "when." "Humph," he said. "If."

The Vassar quarterback, Mark Cohen, a classics student, said his knees are as bad as Joe Namath's, and everyone insisted that Eddie Schock, a 204-pound philosophy student who plays both offense and defense, was the Big Pink's secret weapon. Eddie, the team's quietest member and Hirsch's roommate, is a weight lifter who had won three trophies at Germantown, Pa. meet just a few weeks earlier.

After classes on Friday, the team went over its game plans for Sarah Lawrence and watched movies of some of

its previous intramural games. This was two nights before the game, since there was a dorm party on Saturday and the team members would be too busy dancing and drinking beer to pay any attention. "Oh, sure, we drink beer before a game," said a lineman, "but we don't smoke pot before or during a game like some of the guys do. We play straight."

By game time on Sunday, Sarah Lawrence wondered if the Big Pink intended to play at all. The Green Machine, as the SL footballers like to call themselves, was on the field, but no pink and grays appeared. Jeff Wishik arrived ahead of the rest of the Vassar team and assured everyone the Big Pink was on its way. Butch had gotten a team bus after all, through some fast talking to the college vice-president, he said, but buses are not allowed on the parkways, so the team would be late.

Some Sarah Lawrence girls practiced a cheer: "We say green. We say white. We say Sarah's outfit right." The coach of the Green Machine, W. O. (Wo) Edwards, a graduate student in psychology, cautioned his players not to wear themselves out practicing and not to drink any of the beer the college phys-ed department had provided for the students. "You can drink beer or cider after the game," he said.

Forty minutes later, an aging silver and blue bus spluttered down the hill to Marshall Field (actually a sloping lawn outside the Marshall Field Music Building), and the Big Pink hopped off. A raggedy group, some in pink and gray sweat-shirts, others in assorted sweaters and T-shirts, they adjusted their headbands to keep the hair from their eyes, threw a few passes, ran a pattern or two and pronounced themselves ready to play.

Somebody pointed out to Hirsch that Sarah Lawrence had a girl starting at middle linebacker. "Oh, my God," cried Butch. "Does she know we play hard?" When assured the petite girl, a freshman from North Haven, Conn. named Cathy Buckley, had held her own in practice, Hirsch told his team, "O.K., you guys. If she wants to play, O.K. But today she's a guy. Remember that."

Cathy stayed in for only three plays before the going got really rough. John Kregenow, a Vassar lineman, had his shirt ripped off on the first play; Charlie Barasch, Sarah Lawrence's safety,

took a resounding thump to the ground on the second. "This is touch football?" asked a Sarah Lawrence faculty member.

Sarah Lawrence scored the first touchdown on a pass from Steve Weinstein, the team captain, to Steve Mahlin, the barefoot kicker and left end, and for a while it looked black for the Big Pink. Coach Hirsch, in his best Lombardi form, steamed up and down the sidelines, yelling plays and cursing the narrow uphill field that kept his players from running their best patterns, the end sweeps. By the middle of the second quarter it was Sarah Lawrence 12, Vassar 6. But minutes later Steve Gamber intercepted a pass and went 30 yards for a touchdown. The extra-point pass from Mark Cohen to John Kregenow put the Big Pink ahead 13-12, and it never gave up the lead again. When the final whistle blew, it was 33 Pink, 24 Green.

Hirsch jumped up and down and slapped some of his boys on the back. He shook hands with Wo Edwards and promised, "You'll see better football next time. More spectacular, I guarantee." Then he climbed in his bus and went back to the hills of the Hudson for a beer with the Noyes boys of Vassar. Big Pink, you've come a long way, baby.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

EAST

1. PENN STATE (10-0)
2. BOSTON COLLEGE (8-2)
3. DARTMOUTH (8-1)

"This may be our best team yet," said Penn State Coach Joe Paterno, and this was before his Nittany Lions chewed up Pitt 55-18 for their 15th straight victory. Lydell Mitchell scored three more touchdowns to extend his NCAA single-season record to 28. He gained 181 yards in 21 carries despite sitting out most of the second half.

Paterno did not take any chances when the Panthers drew to within 36 points in the third quarter. He sent his first unit back in "because Pitt started to get a lot of momentum." Penn State, as expected, held on, even extended its lead, and accepted a Cotton Bowl bid.

Princeton had the Ivy League's leading

continued



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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

offense and defense, but once again Dartmouth had the best team. The Indians stomped the Tigers 33-7, intercepting five passes, forcing two fumbles and not allowing a touchdown until the last play of the game.

Cornell, although it lost to Dartmouth a week earlier, earned a share of the Ivy title by walloping Penn 41-13. The Marinaro Era came to a glorious conclusion as Ed scored five touchdowns and gained 230 yards in 42 carries. As for the Heisman Trophy, the leg-weary Marinaro said, "I'll be happy if I get it. I'll be disappointed if I don't. But I'll be able to live with it."

Harvard and Yale met in the 88th renewal of their series. The Crimson, with an early three-touchdown splurge in three minutes 12 seconds, won going away, 35-16, before the largest Ivy League crowd this season, 51,238. Harvard's first-year coach, Joe Restic, was glad The Game was finally behind him. "I started receiving correspondence early in the year that I wasn't concentrating enough on Yale," he said.

Columbia concluded its finest season in 80 years, finishing 6-3 with a 24-6 win over Brown despite the absence of Quarterback Don Jackson, who was injured. The Bruins led 6-3 at halftime before the Lions started to roar. Boston College routed Massachusetts 35-0 as John Kline kicked two 45-yard field goals and the defense produced touchdowns on a blocked punt and a pass interception.

Syracuse ended a three-game losing streak by overcoming a 21-7 third-quarter deficit to defeat West Virginia 28-24.

Delaware, the nation's top college-driven team, romped past Bucknell 46-0 by scoring in every quarter. Gordy Kahoe had four touchdowns, and his 145 yards rushing in 30 carries gave him a school record 1,216 yards for the season.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (10-0)
2. AUBURN (9-0)
3. GEORGIA (9-1)

North Carolina capped its finest regular season since 1948 by defeating Duke 38-0. The ninth win in 11 games clinched the Atlantic Coast Conference championship for Coach Bill Dooley's Tar Heels and a Gator Bowl clash with Georgia. And who will Dooley's relatives root for come game time?—the Bulldogs' coach is Bill's brother, Vince. Lewin Jolley was the offensive stand-out for North Carolina, scoring three touchdowns and gaining 159 yards in 24 carries. "Most of the time," said Jolley, "I'd hit the hole, look up and discover a clear

path between me and Duke's safety man."

In a couple of ACC upsets, North Carolina State defeated Clemson 31-23, and Virginia edged Maryland 20-27.

South Carolina switched Defensive Back Dickie Harris to offense against Wake Forest, and the outstanding punt returner scored three touchdowns, becoming the first Gamecock to rush for 100 yards this season, as South Carolina won 24-7.

Kentucky was driving for a touchdown and the possible go-ahead two-point conversion late in the game against Tennessee when Defensive End Carl Johnson intercepted a pitchout and ran 87 yards for a TD. The 21-7 victory insured a Liberty Bowl bid for the Volunteers.

Florida State, headed for the Fiesta Bowl against Arizona State, got a running game to go with its passing in a 45-30 romp past Tulsa. Richmond won a Southern Conference showdown with William & Mary, but the prize was dubious: Toledo in the Tangerine Bowl.

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (8-2)
2. TEXAS (7-2)
3. ARKANSAS (8-2-1)

Miami Coach Fran Curcio, ignoring the fact that Alabama had crushed Houston 34-20 four weeks earlier and that his Hurricanes had lost 27-6 to Houston and 31-3 to Alabama when the Tide was without its top running back, was full of comparative praise for the Cougars Saturday night. "Their offense is much more explosive than Alabama's and they are much harder to defend against," he said. Certainly, Miami had trouble defending against Robert Newhouse, who gained 145 yards on 30 carries, and Tom Morzek, who had 122 in 22. Newhouse is now Houston's single-season rushing leader with 1,553 yards.

Arkansas seemed headed for the Liberty Bowl and a pairing opposite Tennessee after its 15-0 win over Texas Tech. The Razorbacks' chances for the Cotton Bowl depend on a Texas loss or tie against Texas A&M on Thanksgiving Day. The expected showdown between the nation's leading pass defense and one of football's most explosive passing games never came about. Arkansas Quarterback Joe Ferguson, his injured throwing shoulder deadened by fluorocin, lasted only one quarter. So the Razorbacks threw only eight times, completing two, and enjoyed their best game of the season on the ground with 318 yards. "We worked on the Whilbore all week because Ferguson couldn't practice," said Coach Frank Broyles. Mike Saint, finding room up the

continued

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middle, carried 29 times for 160 yards. Tech, stunned by six turnovers, never threatened.

Texas Christian scored a dramatic victory when Ben Simmons' 41-yard field goal in the last half minute defeated Rice 20-19. Simmons was anything but the calm and collected hero. "I've never been so nervous in my life," he said. Quarterback Steve Judy, who set up the winning kick with a 20-yard pass completion on a fourth-and-18 situation said, "It took me 31 games to pull one out in the last seconds."

Boyle clinched the Southwest Conference cellar for the second time in Coach Bill Beall's three years, but reports are it won't happen again. Southern Methodist's 20-6 victory may have been Beall's last gasp. The Mustangs scored on two short Gary Hammond to Louis Scott passes and on field goals of 51 and 31 yards by Chipper Johnson. Sophomore Tailback Alvin Maxson took over the conference rushing lead with 120 yards gained for a total of 916 yards.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (9-1)
2. STANFORD (8-3) †
3. WASHINGTON (8-3)

Stanford settled the question of which Pacific Eight team gets the Rose Bowl bid and eliminated the need for a legal solution by defeating California 14-0. Indian Coach John Ralston, willing to concede that the Golden Bears had at least an outside shot at the title, said before the game, "This is how it should be, Cal and Stanford going down to the final game."

There never was much doubt once it got under way. Stanford, with a losing record at home, came out in its road uniform, and the change was in its better. Quarterback Don Bruno completed 18 of 24 passes for 211 yards, one of his seven completions to Jackie Brown going for a touchdown. The Thunder Chickens' defense was overpowering, allowing Cal only 123 yards on offense and intercepting a pass the only time the Bears moved inside Stanford's 40.

"It was a sinking tide . . . a big fat nothing," said Southern Cal's John McKay. Furthermore, it was meaningless and far from a sellout as USC and UCLA stumbled to a 7-7 draw. Of course, you could take Popper Rodgers' point of view. "I really feel like we won," said the UCLA coach. "We didn't, but it was very important that we didn't lose."

The game was devoid of offense, which may be another way of saying the defense was very good. UCLA's touchdown was set up by a short punt that gave the Bruins possession on the USC 30. Otherwise, they

never drove beyond the Trojan 48. Southern Cal had nearly twice as many offensive yards (295 to 158), but its only impressive thrust came on an 89-yard scoring drive in the second quarter.

Washington did not become the nation's second-best passing team by running, but that's exactly what the Huskies did against Washington State, winning 28-20. Sonny Sorkiller and Greg Collins threw only 14 times, completing eight for 145 yards, while the ground game accounted for 238 yards. Sorkiller even scored on a 32-yard romp around right end. The Washington defense was impressive, yielding only 52 yards on the ground to the Pacific Eight's best rushing team. Bernard Jackson was stopped for 11 yards in 13 carries.

While Jackson was having a bad day, Bobby Moore was having no day at all. He was on the sidelines as Oregon lost its eighth straight to Oregon State, 30-29. The Beavers, meanwhile, had their running star, Dave Schilling, make his first start in a month. Schilling scored three touchdowns and gained 114 yards in 24 tries. He was especially effective in the second half when Oregon State shifted into an unbalanced front and scored 20 points after trailing 16-10. The last touchdown came with 1:40 left, on a six-yard run by Billy Carlkunt.

Until San Jose State stunned Stanford two weeks ago, the school was not known as a football giant killer, but with powerful Arizona State coming in, there were visions of another upset. And so a crowd of 23,500 turned out, the largest in the history of Spartan Stadium, but the smallest Arizona State has played before this year. Alas, they saw the visiting Sun Devils roll as expected, 49-6. Quarterback Dan White passed for three touchdowns, and Woody Green gained 173 yards.

New Mexico, whose Wishbone would be the most effective in the country if Oklahoma disappeared, ran all over Wyoming 49-14. The Lobos added to their 386-yard-a-game average with 428, and Fred Henry became the first New Mexico back to gain 1,000 yards in a season.

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (9-0)
2. NEBRASKA (10-0)
3. MICHIGAN (11-0)

"We'd rather have an immoral win than a moral victory," said Ohio State's Woody Hayes after his Buckeyes fell short of Michigan 10-7. The Wolverines, who are Big Ten champions and Rose Bowl bound, managed to win when Billy Taylor capped a 72-yard fourth-quarter drive with a 21-yard touch-

down run. Ohio State tried to come back in the final two minutes, but a pass interception ended the threat and so infuriated Hayes that he drew a 15-yard penalty for ranting at the officials. "It was interference but the referee didn't have the guts to call it," said Hayes.

Northwestern took second place behind

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Ed Marrone's magnificent performance against Pennsylvania in his final game gave him NCAA major-college rushing records for career (4,715 total yards, 174.6 per game average) and a season (1,881, 209.5 per game).

THE LINEMAN: Ronnie Folsy, a 6' 1", 225-pound tackle, led LSU's determined defense, making 13 tackles. Folsy also punted seven times for a 36.4 average, with only three of his kicks being returned for a total of five yards.

the Wolverines by defeating Michigan State 28-7. The Wildcats drove for a touchdown on their first possession and controlled the ball for nearly 10 minutes of the first quarter. Minnesota ended its 4-7 season successfully by edging Wisconsin 23-21 as Mel Anderson caught a scoring pass with nine seconds left. "I thought I was going to graduate before I caught a touchdown pass," he said. "That's cutting it pretty thin—down to the last nine seconds in my last game." Speculation is that it was also Coach Murray Warmath's last game.

Illinois blasted Iowa 31-0 for its fifth straight win—this from a team that couldn't score at all early in the season and lost its first six games. Purdue lost its fifth straight, to Indiana 38-31.

Nebraska and Oklahoma, headed for the Orange and Sugar Bowls, respectively, are not the only Big Eight teams going to a bowl; Colorado takes a 9-2 record to the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl after walloping Air Force 53-17. Cliff Branch, who scored twice on a 34-yard end around and a 65-yard punt return and set up another TD with a 50-yard runback, drew all the raves. "I've never seen a football player with that much speed," said Air Force Coach Ben Martin of the 92 sprinter.

Iowa State's George Aminson scored four touchdowns in a 54-9 romp over Oklahoma State. The Cyclones, who have won seven games while losing only to the Big Eight's Big Three, will play in the Sun Bowl. Missouri, whose football fortunes have hit bedrock, lost to Kansas 7-2 and finished 1-10. Kansas State went out of the conference against Missouri Valley champion Memphis State and came back with a 28-21 victory. Toledo had no trouble winning its 34th in a row, 41-6 over Kent State.

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Wild hope from some tame Atlantic salmon

Successful Norwegian farms may
yet prove to save the fish at sea



PLENTY OF LOX WILL SPRING FROM THIS NEFTY 36-POUND BREEDING FEMALE

With the diabolical smile of one who hands a six-ounce martini to an alcoholic, Herr Thor Mowinkel gestures politely toward the water. "Please!" he invites you, and you wonder if somehow you have been slain in a righteous cause and the Valkyries of Odin have transported you to the special section of Valhalla reserved for anglers. You take the proffered rod, make a nervous, fumbling cast and the lure plops in the water only 30 feet out. But you do not retrieve it far. Momentarily, there is the beatific vision of a mob of thick-shouldered salmon fighting to get at it, then you are firmly into a 15-pounder.

Later, while one of his men is packing the fish neatly for you to carry home, Herr Mowinkel gestures at the water again. "The bigger fish are swimming deeper," he says. "Please!" You cast again, but the lure has no time to sink and it is snatched by an impudent 10-pounder. And when that fish is landed, Herr Mowinkel says "Please!" no more.

It is all over. Withdrawal symptoms begin even before you are in the car and heading back to town.

Sensitive anglers should avoid Flogoykjølpo, an island 20 miles southwest of Bergen, Norway, where the rain it raineth every day and a scatter of yellow-litened rocks protects the fjord mouth from the North Sea swells. For there, in two acres of sea fenced off by steel mesh in concrete, is a sight to unbalance all but the toughest-minded. Within the impoundment, lashing on the surface, sliding out of water like rigid, silver missiles, passing in shadowy hordes along the rocks on which you stand is an imprisoned army of Atlantic salmon—50,000 of them, according to Herr Mowinkel's estimate, muscular fish of the deep-bodied Norwegian strain up to 25 pounds and more.

They are very rarely fished for, though Mowinkel confesses that last year he fished all day with two friends and caught 400. "You start to get tired of it after about 100 fish," he says. It is good to know that satiety does come in the end. He and his friends must be the only men in the world who have ever reached this stage where *Salmo salar* is concerned.

But no one should begrudge him a moment of the pleasure that the species can bring him, or criticize the fact that these salmon are about the easiest targets in the angling world. For it seems entirely possible that we may owe the continued survival of the Atlantic salmon to the enterprise that Mowinkel and his colleagues are currently conducting. Mercilessly hammered by Danish commercial fishermen who discovered their high-seas migration route, and decimated by a mysterious virus in British and Irish rivers since the mid-1960s, the species has seemed in imminent danger. Now, for the first time, there is a gleam of hope.

The 50,000 salmon at Flogoykjølpo, and others like them at nearby Vekoykjølpo, are farm animals, not wild fish. They have never seen a river and have migrated (if that is the word) only to an enclosure of the sea in plastic tanks. They were hatched on a fish farm in the Hardanger Fjord and took on the silvery coloration of smolts in only one year. (In the wild, salmon fry take from two to four years to reach this stage at which they migrate downstream to the sea.) Two years later they reached adult, marketable size—altogether in about

continued

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half the time that it takes in nature.

This year, the firm of Mowi, Inc., of which Mowinkel is managing director, will produce about 100 tons of marketable salmon. Within four years they should be up to 500 tons, and thus, together with the output of other Norwegian firms which also are experimenting with farms, mean that by 1975 Norway should produce about 1,500 tons of farmed Atlantic salmon, one-third more than her present high-seas catch and roughly one-eighth of the world catch.

And it is very unlikely that salmon farming will remain confined to Norway. Already the British firm of Unilever is setting up a plant in Scotland. Mowi itself has its eyes on the fjordlike coastline of southwestern Ireland, where sea temperatures are several degrees higher than in Norway and more favorable to quick growth. Similar developments are taking place on the present salmon-bearing coasts of North America.

As Mowi has already learned, farm-reared salmon have many advantages

over wild fish. Quality control is easier. Last spring Mowi salmon fetched a better price on the Norwegian market than wild fish because they had a higher fat content—the "curd" so prized in well-conditioned fish. Cultivated salmon can also be legally sold at the smolt stage—as poachers will testify, grilled smolt is delicious—and Mowi anticipates a demand for small 12-inch salmon to be served individually to diners.

All of which is good news for gourmets but even better news for sportsmen. Within a decade it could well become uneconomic to hunt salmon in the wild, especially to make long ocean journeys in search of them: bacon for breakfast is now more easily arranged than in the days when it was necessary to first capture a wild boar. It seems that for once anglers can be unreservedly thankful for a successful industrial enterprise.

This is, of course, the first time that Atlantic salmon have been successfully farmed. After the initial experiments were carried out in virtual secrecy, Mowi

decided this fall to make its achievement public, since it is now ready to contact future markets. Pardonably, its success can be attributed to the avoidance of long-winded scientific research. "We didn't have the staff or the money to carry out the experiments that should have been done," says Mowinkel. "We had to take shortcuts that scientists wouldn't have approved of—they would have held us up by demanding absolute proof of each stage before proceeding." So Mowi went ahead, like an oldtime farmer, learning by trial and error.

The father of the whole enterprise was Johan Laerum, one of the owners of Mowi when it was a jam and marmalade producing company. Johan (he is now retired) was just interested in fish as a hobby. He raised rainbow trout in salt water to begin with, then in an amateur way tried his hand on salmon. He was so successful that when Mowi sold out the jam business and wanted to reinvest, it decided to try salmon farming. That was in 1965.

continued

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There was no problem in hatching out salmon fry and raising them to the smolt stage. This has been done since the mid-19th century. The first important breakthrough was when Mow learned how to acclimatize the smolts to salt water and introduce them to the sea farm proper with minimum casualties.

Salmon smolts are among the most delicate fish in the sea. They die very easily and are "ten times as difficult to rear as rainbow trout," says Mowinkel. What Mow did was develop a plastic container which was filled with water and introduced into the smolt tanks, whereupon the little silver fishes were sluiced into it before it was towed out to the sea farm. At no time were the smolts touched by human hand; the sea-farm screens were opened up and they swam right in. About 200,000 smolts have been moved this way, and the mortality rate has been small.

In the sea farms, with the natural flow of the tides increased by a pumping system, they just eat and eat while sea divers check the oxygen content of the water. There are predators to fear—herons and sea gulls mainly, but also cod, pollack and anglerfish which find their way in as fry through the grills and grow up on food intended for the salmon. And the aristocratic salmon itself turns out to be something of a brawler. Fights are regrettably frequent. Cannibalism is not unknown.

The other great problem was finding a suitable diet. Salmon don't grow fat and red-fleshed on the kind of offal which is fed to farmed rainbow trout and which is bringing the latter a bad name among serious eaters. In its simplistic, empirical way, Mow decided to feed its salmon on as close an approximation as it could find to their natural diet. For the young fish this consists of shrimp parts too small to be processed and sometimes small whole shrimp, though the latter is expensive. As the salmon grow, their diet is changed to capelin, a tiny member of the smelt family. Capelin forms a large part of the wild salmon's feed and is relatively cheap.

It is just possible, Herr Mowinkel says, that in the future he will have a section of fjord which will be open to anglers. It is pure cheating, of course, but maybe, you know, just as urgent therapy for those who have spent a blank fortnight on the Tweed or the Restigouche or the Driva.

END



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We just go to a race and enjoy the practice runs, and when the race starts, we start."

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To NFL statisticians it doesn't matter who won or lost or even how well they played the game but how you record a fumbled interception

Last year Larry Brown of the Washington Redskins won the NFL rushing title with 1,125 yards, not quite 100 more than the total amassed by the runner-up, Ron Johnson of the New York Giants. Although it wasn't evident from the stands, Brown got a little boost in the seven games he played in Robert F. Kennedy Stadium.

Take a look at the Giant-Redskin game, which took place in Washington during the 11th week of the season. Brown entered that contest leading the league with 857 yards and during the first quarter added 64 more. Gradually the press box became aware of the magic 1,000-yard mark, as it might sense a no-hitter in the fourth inning of a baseball game. Brown rushed from the 17 to just across the 24. Now, for statistical purposes, the NFL doesn't recognize half yards and determining when a portion of a yard became a whole yard was conjectural until this year. "Eight yards," ruled the official scorer. In Giant territory, Brown ran from just over the 20 to midway between the 16 and 15. "Five yards," was the call. Only a four-yard loss—or was it five?—late in the game kept him from reaching 1,000.

The principle at work here—rationalization—operates throughout sport, from the scoring of errors in baseball to assists in basketball. It operates, for that matter, anywhere in life where the judgment of partial observers, herein known as fans, is required. In RFK Stadium Larry Brown is a hero. When there was doubt, he got the benefit of it. Where as others, particularly visitors like Ron Johnson, needed a good half yard to get credit for a full one, Brown got by with a foot. It is a small matter, but spread over seven games it may have amounted to 50 yards.

This year the NFL has a new scoring rule that sets more definite, if arbitrary, standards for determining when an inch becomes a yard and that furthers the league's drive to eliminate "the judgment

of the official scorer" from scoring. (With a couple of exceptions, the new rule reads as follows: "If any point of the football rests on or above any yard stripe, future action is to be computed from that yard line. However, if all the football has been advanced beyond any yard stripe, future action is computed from the first yard line, in advance of the football.") Got it? Not that the league scorns that judgment. It is just that credibility demands uniformity and uniformity usually goes awry when the human element is introduced. The human element in this case consists of small crews of statisticians scattered about the 25 NFL clubs. They function clerically, reducing each play to yardage totals, recording those totals in the proper categories and forwarding the information to the Elias Sports Bureau in New York, which compiles statistics for the league. There is, in addition, a sub-unit, the play-by-play crew, which prepares and distributes throughout the press box an eight-to-10-page game summary describing each play and giving first half and final statistics.

The rewards of the work are limited, the pay nominal. Says one statistician, "If I were doing it for the money, I wouldn't be doing it." Statisticians are often ribbed about having the best seat in the house and getting paid at the same time, but the job has its demands. It is not a simple matter to explain statistically what happened when a Pete Beathard pass was intercepted downfield, returned to the line of scrimmage and fumbled loose for three yards before being recovered by the original offensive team. "That's when I want to turn in my pencil," says Detroit's Jack Teahen. "You have to be very disciplined, very dedicated," says Ray Johnston of Denver. "You can't whoop it up like you do in the stands."

Statisticians must constantly be aware of where a punt or kickoff is fielded, where an interception is made, where a fumble occurs. "You get so all you do

continued

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is watch players' feet," the Jets' Pat McDonough grumbles.

Usually a team's public-relations director hires the chief statistician, who then picks his assistants. The resulting crews differ as greatly as the high school principals, bankers and magazine editors who lead them. Many, of course, love to deal with numbers, there is a fair share of math teachers, accountants, engineers, even a few employees of the Internal Revenue Service and one physicist, but other occupations range from postman to storekeeper at a state penitentiary to an SMU German professor. Accordingly, the reasons for showing up on Sunday vary. "Force of habit maybe," sighs L.A.'s Chuck Weinstock, who has charted UCLA and USC since the mid-'30s and the Rams since they went West in 1946. "It fulfills all of my desires," says Houston's W. O. Johnson. "I don't go to picture shows or things of that nature." Pat McDonough pleads obsession. "When I watch a game on TV," he says, "I keep a play-by-play."

Some of the crews are family-oriented, as in Philadelphia where Harry Schwartz, his brother, his brother-in-law and his nephew handle the figures. Or in L.A. where Chuck Weinstock's No. 1 assistant since 1940 has been his wife Jean.

The crews range in size from two to 10. In Chicago Ed Samsbury does all the statistical work and still files a story for UPI. No two crews divide the work load similarly. Thirteen of them use the work sheets supplied by the NFL, which means that just as many others have devised their own "much simpler" or "obviously superior" methods. Only the official NFL score sheet, which has blocks for over 1,200 possible entries and must be filled out at the conclusion of each game, brings any sense of symmetry into these far-flung operations.

The plethora of pro football statistics is a recent phenomenon. "Statistics have only become important in the Rozelle era," says Seymour Siwoff, who heads up Elias. "Before that statisticians were

largely shunned." Explains Jim Kensil, who was director of public relations for the NFL when Siwoff's company was hired in 1961, "We weren't interested in statistics themselves but in them as a framework to promote the players. In those days there were only subjective, not objective, ways to rate the stars. People weren't rating individual performances by numbers. I mean, in baseball you knew that if a guy hit 40 home runs he had a good season, but in football a 1,000-yard rushing season had little relevance. The information had always been there. It had just never been molded into anything meaningful."

In some ways the NFL has not achieved its purpose. The promotional aspects of statistics have too often blinded the fans to their objective value. Those facets of a player's ability that cannot be quantified, such as a running back's willingness to block, tend to be forgotten in rating performance, and too often statistical leaders get automatic recognition as the best at their position. For

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example, a recent survey has shown that the 300-yard passing day usually occurs in a losing effort. Furthermore, football's most impressive statistics—perhaps Jim Brown's mile-plus of rushing in 1963 and Joe Namath's 4,007-yard passing season—hardly roll off the tongue like 61*, 714 and 400.

"Sophistication of all this is still going on," says Kensil. "It has only been since 1965 that we have kept statistics on the pass rush. The number of times a team gets to an opposing quarterback has now become significant in rating both offensive and defensive lines." Don Weiss, the NFL's director of public relations, has recently supervised a massive rewriting of the scoring rules. "Statistics should reflect the play of the game," he says. "They are more than just numbers." One innovation will probably be the take-away give-away table inspired by George Allen's theory that a team will win if it can take the ball away from its opponent via fumbles and interceptions five times during a game.

Weiss has shown that the teams with the biggest plus factors (i.e., more take-aways than give-aways) finish at the top of the standings, and that fact indicates that the table may soon find its way into the annual Official NFL Record Manual, which is already 352 pages long.

Understandably, the stature of the statistician has greatly increased over the past decade. Nothing attests to that fact better than the very size of Jack Teahen's Detroit crew, which is 10 strong and represents over 125 years of scoring experience. Teahen, the assistant managing editor of *Automotive News*, has steadily built the crew since 1948, when he ran the play-by-play unit while a student at the University of Detroit.

Except for greater refinement in its duties, his crew resembles and operates much like the others. Its membership includes the associate dean of the Detroit College of Law, two other lawyers, one of whom is a former president of the Detroit Board of Education, and three advertising executives.

All but Dave Burgen, who roams about distributing play-by-play sheets, are stationed near the end of the press box, which hangs over the southwest corner of Tiger Stadium, a position demanding field glasses. Frank Gawronski stands next to a telephone hookup over which he feeds statistical information to the Lion P.R. man, Lyaal Smith. In front of Gawronski his brother Art fills out the first page of the play-by-play summary, while Patrick McDonald puts basically the same information—i.e., scoring plays, starting lineups, substitutions, officials—on the back page of the score sheet. Next in line are John Morad, Jim Huddleston, Teahen and Al Mixer who work with the main body of statistics. Morad is the expert on fumbles, which cause the greatest confusion and demand the most expertise, but also handles interceptions, scoring and field-goal lengths. Mixer logs first downs, penalties and action on kicking plays while Teahen and Huddleston take care of passing and rushing. Every member of the

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As for our new Mercury Montego MX Villager, if we told you it had the spacious luxury and riding comfort of Colony Park, we'd only be stretching the point about 5 inches.

The Villager may be 5 inches trimmer in length, but its big cargo

crew runs a cross-check or two on other members and each compiles miscellaneous statistics—in McDonald's case, for instance, third-down conversions.

There is also the two-man play-by-play crew. Bill Swink keeps a longhand record with which he can update Dick Monley, who has been typing these reports for the Lions for 23 years. In most cities play-by-plays are functional and colorless, lacking life-giving verbs. "Hubbard at right tackle for four," Monley majored in journalism with the intention of being a newspaper sportswriter. Then he learned what that profession paid and made sportswriting his avocation, becoming a sort of play-by-play man's Grantland Rice: "Taylor tried right end but Eller dropped him rudely." He refuses to *shill* for the home team. Pity Greg Landry when he has a bad passing night: "Landry had Walton on a post pattern open, but threw poorly into the ground." Monley admits that "they speak to me at times about editorializing, but I've got to tell

the truth. If a pass was a bad pass, I've just got to say it."

Following the game the crew totals the figures and fills out the official score sheet. Then the final statistics are read to Elias over the phone so that the bureau needn't wait for the mail to prepare its weekly release.

An hour or so after the final gun the crew files out of the deserted stadium, and perhaps there is something symbolic in their isolation. Statisticians may be a dying breed. In Atlanta, Boyd Odom's crew works side by side with a Honeywell computer. The Falcons' P.R. man, Jan Van Duser, explains that Atlanta is simply "doing the project for the NFL in order to get the 'bugs' out and determine if this method really has any future in press boxes." The Honeywell people say "there aren't any bugs" and point out that the computer can provide a complete final stat sheet within three minutes whereas Boyd Odom's crew takes about 15. And, Honeywell adds, "There is absolutely no chance for error." For

instance, a rushing or forward passing play that results in a touchdown is always a first down even if it occurs on first and goal from the one. A human can easily forget to note that but when you record a touchdown on the computer its program is set up so that it automatically credits the scoring team with a first down.

Now it is true that the human element may always determine what information is fed to the computer. And, of course, in the foreseeable future the chance of a power failure necessitates a human crew even if Honeywell is there. "In many ways this is a frill," admits Van Duser. But then, football statistics were once frills, too. "Statistics are an integral part of the game," Buffalo's John Barnes says. "They can tell you everything there is to know about how your team is doing." Perhaps there will come a day when the NFL will do away with point totals and keep crowds breathlessly waiting for three minutes while Honeywell determines a victor. **RND**

Montego MX Villager. Mercury's new trimmer size wagon built in the same tradition.



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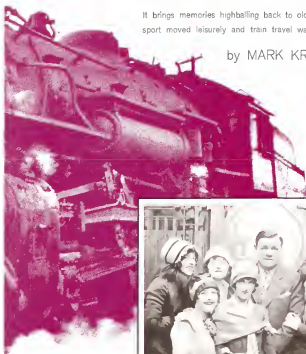




DO YOU HEAR THAT WHISTLE DOWN THE LINE?

It brings memories highballing back to old ballplayers of times when sport moved leisurely and train travel was something to sing about

by MARK KRAM



When the Los Angeles Limited took Babe Ruth to Hollywood, Sally Rand (at his elbow) was among the welcoming starlets.

Not flowers, not stars, says Gabriel Syme in Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*, but our digestions going sacredly and silently right—this is poetry. "The most poetical thing in the world," he insists, "is not being sick." Order, he declares, that is the magic of man. It is not hard to resist throwing in with Syme: his insufferable smugness and clerkish mind seem to mock sensibility. Then, suddenly, he tugs you to his side by entreating that you behold the train: "Take your books of mere poetry and prose; let me read a timetable, with tears of pride. . . . I tell you that every time a train comes in I feel that it has broken past batteries of besiegers and that man has won a battle against chaos."

Poor Syme, were he with us today, how defenseless, how impotent, how unstrung he would be—or would he? He was not one to welcome the dour, to comfort the neurotic. He might well cast his lot with those who harrumph: the amount of oxygen in the air is the same as it was in 1910; fish caught half a century ago had double the mercury of those today; DDT knocks off some birds and fish, but what about the lives it saves.



What to say, though, about the decay of Syme's train. Clever as the rationale might be, Syme surely would hear none of it, for if anything symbolized civilization and order it was his glorious and beloved passenger train.

Old Syme would not permit its passing. He might seek out a Senator, say one tied into automobiles and the spreading virus of the highway system. Then, discovering quickly that Senators do not hear very well, he would calmly remove his top hat and activate the business end of his cane. Having vented his anger, he would then curse the jet as the ultimate humiliation of machine over man. We would never see Syme again; hermitage would be better than being a part of an age notable for planned obsolescence, one in which nothing works and nobody cares.

If Syme's behavior seems too dramatic, it is at least understandable; the decline of the train is much more

than one of the great failures in the history of capitalism. It is a personal thing, the train, and its condition reflects another loss of a human alternate and tells us surely that something has gone out of us as a people. The feel of things, of who you were, of where you were, a sense of place in a vast land, that is what the train has always meant. Even now, with all that it once was gone or nearly gone, the mind will not accept the judgment of that clucking curmudgeon James J. Hill who once damned the train by comparing it to a male seat—it being neither useful nor ornamental.

Nothing moved Emperor James more than the sight of a long line of freight, heavy with goods, the blood of the nation. Fine, but could there not have been just a dim, humanist flicker in the old geezer, an appreciation of what the train meant to so many, and still does to some? Those who believe that there is much more to travel than the ordeal of being herded into a machine that, for all its speed, delivers us disconnected, Muzakized into stupor and somehow converted into a plastic kind of freight. Those who know that the train is a state of mind and wish that it could bestride our culture as it once did, who believe that, if it could, the beast in the heart of the land would be made still.

A daydream, of course, but autumn afternoons seem to promote such thoughts, those hours strangely lit, a great ache of emptiness in the air, a sense of things lost, never to be had again. It is not hard to hear voices that have not called in years, to hear the whistle of a faraway train that is nowhere near. Shifts of amber slant through the thinning trees and come to rest as intricate shadows on the wall. It is a soundless time, and the mind drifts to a long ago summer evening up in the hills of western Maryland, then a region awash with banjo pickers, fiddlers, guitar players and harp blowers. Often some of them crowded on a big, wide porch, illuminated only by lightning bugs, and if you closed your eyes you could hear the rhythms, the music of a highballing train. For the sound of a train was close to them, like the sound of a foghorn to seamen. It spoke to them: of good news and bad news, of places they had never been, nor would ever go, of women they had never seen, of the

Riding into Boston for 1946 Series were St. Louis Cards' Enos Slaughter, Del Rice and Joe Garagiola



restlessness inside them and the mystery that lay beyond the hills.

*I'm going to lay my head on that love-
some railroad line
Let the 219 ease my troubled mind.*

The music up in those hills, like fragments of one's lifetime, remains indelible, striking up at odd periods—on those fall afternoons, in the deep dark of a winter night, or in the quiet of a railroad museum where, then, that music seems to swell. It is a ghostly place. The big engine stands frozen, like a prehistoric reptile that never decomposed. And it is hard to look upon it without having the angry urge to breathe life into it, to send it roaring across the rivers and plains and mountains of a country that it chopped out of a wilderness. Looking up at the engine, a sepia photograph comes into focus. One of forms and faces: engineers in crisp, pinstripe overalls, imperious in posture, scruffy lordlike in their manner at the throttle, conductors who, you can see, change their white shirts twice a day, whose gold watches are a celebration of time and never err, the windowed, streaking faces of people who must be heading for strange rendezvous and fates and dramas of which no one will ever hear. Or, maybe, they are just returning home, and was there ever a better way to go home?

Light wanes through the museum's windows. Attendants cough nervously, look anxiously at the clock in utter fear that they will be carried one second over-time. Outside, the behavioral sink brims

over, with traffic and noise combusting into a caged desperation, with pinched faces behind wheels waiting for a piece of the expressway so they can inch home. Whoever, one wonders, wrote a song about an expressway, and what could an expressway add to a movie: no sophisticated bandit would use one after a bank job. But the train was al-

ways important in the movies, whether it was bearing down on some pale waif tied to a track or waiting next to a steam-shrouded platform for the cat-pawed arrival of a Hemburged spy.

Thoughts tumble over one another, until they reel back and stop in a Baltimore train station, where three kids wearing baseball gloves stand entranced next to an idling train. It is the Yankee train heading north. Just any old face will do, they say, and then there it is next to the dining-car window, long and lean and somber—DiMaggio's face. He looks down, and turns back. Several cars farther on, a man steps to the platform: "Hey! Yeah, you three." He pulls a ball out of his pocket and rolls it toward the kids. "He must have been a utility man," says one of them later. "A guy that'll be down in Newark next week. The regulars don't give nothin' away." The three would never again get a ball at the station, nor so much as receive a broad smile, but no matter. You did not see a face from the bleachers even then. But that was a big closeup compared to the perspective kids have to settle for now as traveling players pass over them 35,000 feet in the air.

continued



Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer on a
Dodger victory train for Catcher Mickey Owen and his wife

Another group of Cardinals—Erv Dusak, Harry Walker,
George Munger and Nippy Jones—tune up for a pennant playoff



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Those trips to the station, those faces, how easily pleased a kid was then, back when sports were still touched with mystery, before games and those who played them moved above cloud cover and came down into an electronic box. The trains were a dominant part of sports, a lifeline to small towns, where a Babe Ruth would be received like the Kublai Khan and everybody waited for that one exhibition game a year. "I'll never forget those platforms," says Jackie Jensen, "all those people gathered there just to get a glimpse of us. Train travel meant much to baseball and to many of the players. They can't see the country anymore. We used to be able to tell the season and what kind of crop year it was by looking out the window and seeing the height of the corn or the blossoms on the trees. We even got to know when the hayfields in certain areas of the Midwest were about to get their second cutting. It was enriching."

Life aboard a train is etched deeply into the memories of those who experienced it for close to half of each season. Listen to them talk, and you can almost see the patrician Connie Mack sitting in his compartment, his straw boater and high, stiff collar all in place, extending his bony fingers to explain a point to his pitchers; can see Babe Ruth, after being fined \$5,000 for dissipation, holding his tiny manager, Miller Huggins, by the arms off the platform of a vibrating rear car; can see those rookie pitchers just in from the high grass, awake at night in their berths, resting their arms in clothes hammocks (special slings, they were told, to protect their pitching arms). It was a tranquil way of travel to some, tedious to a few, but one that created great spirit and a feeling of oneness that does not seem to survive on modern clubs. Old ballplayers like to reminisce about those trips.

ERDIE KOY:

"We carried wardrobe trunks instead of bags as the players do today, because we'd be gone so long. Pepper Martin took along only one white suit and

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one black shirt. By the time we returned to St. Louis, the suit was the same color as the shirt. Pepper filled the rest of his trunk with wrenches, screwdrivers and hammers, things like that. He owned a farm in Oklahoma, and on the road he always visited hardware stores looking for bargains. He would never get over that noseclip we used. We often slept with wet towels over our noses to keep out the soot. That was until Doc Weaver, our trainer, invented a filter apparatus for the nose. It resembled a cuff link. It was made of soft metal, and the top end had a clip. You put cotton in the clip and then closed it and stuck it in your nostrils. Worked good. There were two sizes, one for big noses and one for small ones. Me, I went for the king-sized model. That clip saved me from choking to death.

"Those were good times. I have to laugh just thinking of Estel Crabtree. What a funny man. I remember what he did to Max Surkont when he joined us in '42. It was customary then for a passenger to leave his shoes inside the curtain of his Pullman, and the porter would come collect them and shine them. Crabtree told Surkont that a thief had been stealing the players' shoes. Surkont was to guard them during the night, since it was his turn. So all the Cardinals piled the shoes into Max's lower berth. Directly, Max dropped off to sleep, and when he woke, the porter had the shoes stacked like wood in the middle of the aisle. The commotion, when Surkont saw this, awakened the entire team. They found him wrestling that poor porter like a bear and screaming: 'I got him, I got him!' Well, we laughed until it was time for breakfast, and then we laughed some more over the best breakfast served anywhere. I can still taste those breakfasts—scrambled country eggs, big slices of ham and steaming pots of coffee."

Many players speak of the food on those trains, drooling rhapsodies of vegetable casseroles, thick lamb chops, meals as good—so Casey Stengel says—as those at the Waldorf. The quantity of each

meal was enough for most players except Babe Ruth, who spent his life being constantly hungry. Once, on a siding in Asheville, N.C., while playing bridge late at night, he looked out the window and saw a restaurant. He got off in his pajamas and robe and went across to ask the owner if he had any ham. A huge ham was produced, and Ruth, requesting a knife, cut himself a portion that would have fed a family of four. He then ordered six eggs, 10 pieces of toast and eventually drank six cups of coffee. His snack over, he returned to the train and bed and—as his wife assured the alarmed few who had watched Babe eating—"snored like a horse all night."

BUD BE A TINNER

"I'll never forget going to see Billy Southworth in his compartment. It was a special moment. He'd be in his compartment, and all anybody in there talked was baseball. I was a rookie and it was very helpful. You'd be sitting around in the Pullman playing fan-tan or maybe you'd be up in the club car having a beer and word would come that Billy wanted to see you. He'd talk about the hitters and what to expect from a pitcher. If you'd made a mistake on a cutoff play Billy would lecture you on what you'd done wrong. He might call in veterans like Terry Moore, and I'd sit there listening to those wheels clacking, taking everything in. I remember on one trip Billy told me to think about two things: 'Hit the outside pitch to right, and the inside one to left.' I had to laugh, and when Billy asked me why I was standing there chuckling, I told him if I could do that I'd hit .500, and so would everybody else."

Informal instruction, or counseling, was just an effort to deal with the tedious hours. Card games, mainly bridge, consumed most of the time, but not enough. For instance, there was one guy who ran the length of a three-car segment for about two-thirds of a 28-hour trip. Wagering also helped dull the edge of the long runs like Boston to St. Louis. It was on such a trip that Clint Courtney met a writer, who was always claiming to be in better shape than the players, that he could lose him in a 60-yard race. The car was on a siding, and they

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stepped off the yardage. The race began, but after about 40 yards Courtney stumbled and went sliding on the gravel bed alongside the tracks, scraping the skin from nearly every part of his body. His manager, Rogers Hornsby, was not in the least sympathetic; despite the discomfort of his face, Courtney could not escape the harness of his catcher's equipment several hours later.

Joe Aguirre, a pro football player in the early '40s, had an equally painful experience riding the rails. He was an end with the Washington Redskins and was traveling home from Chicago with the team after a championship game. He had been cut up badly during the afternoon's play and after boarding the train his nose was taped into a temporary set. Deservedly so, Aguirre part-

took of generous refreshment in the club car that night. He then glided back to his lower berth and dozed into it, only to find a young lady. "I don't mind," said Aguirre, "but you'd better move over." The woman reached coolly into the hammock, which was used for personal, pulled out her purse and hit him squarely on the nose. Aguirre returned to the club car, holding his bloody and tear-filled face and moaning; the doctor reset his nose. Aguirre returned to his berth—this time in the right car. Hours later, while the train was on a siding waiting for a connection, Aguirre decided that he was thirsty and, the club car being closed, decided to sprint to a local tavern for some beer. During his absence, the cars were moved five tracks over and, as Aguirre was returning, the new train began pulling out. With a bag of bottles in each arm, Joe set out after the train; he never, it was later observed, ran better. He made ground on the train and soon caught its rear porch, which by now was crowded with cheering

Redskins. Timing his ascent perfectly, Aguirre leaped and belly-landed onto the porch. The beer was not damaged, but . . . well, the doctor had to be summoned once more to administer to Aguirre's wounds.

BOB LEMMON:

"This train after the '48 Series—what a trip! It got wild. We had our wives with us and two dining cars. Bill Veeck kept bottles of bourbon and Scotch on each table. And when one was gone he had it replaced. We had 45 cases of champagne aboard. The dining-car steward got pretty upset about what we were doing to his cars and at one point threatened to send Veeck a bill. Everybody stayed up all night and by the time the train pulled into Cleveland the next morning we looked like a bunch of bums. People had thrown champagne and other things and our shirts were filthy and sopping wet. But we were scheduled to ride through the city in a victory parade that started right from the station. For-

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fortunately, it was a cold morning, so most of us took off our shirts and wore our overcoats buttoned to our necks."

BILL VEECK

"How could I forget that trip. It rained champagne, and it was three inches deep in the diner. We got off cheaply. For the repairs, it only cost \$6,000."

"The end of train travel did not help the game. Or the players. Something was lost. I can remember pitchers holding informal seminars on batters. You would even see guys illustrating how to throw on the trains."

"When I was a kid with the Cubs, I used to watch players like Gabby Hartnett utilize the mirrors on the old Pullmans. The veterans would set up a rook-er in a card game and by the use of the mirror fleece him. They would let him win once in a while, just so the games would take longer."

"I recall also an incident with Jackie Price, the baseball confectionist. We were heading back from training camp. Price loved snakes and he frequently had one coiled around him. This day Price brought one into the diner where a group of women bowlers were eating. Somebody talked Price into releasing it and the snake started slithering among the bowlers. The whole diner panicked, the women climbed on the table. The conductor grabbed Jackie and demanded to know his name. 'Lou Boudreau,' said Jackie. Lou was our manager. At the next station Boudreau's peaceful card game was interrupted by a couple of detectives, who informed him they were removing him from the train."

The reminiscences seem to have no end and, listening to them, figures become lifelike. Babe Herman, mockingly grim, keeping tabs on his starched collar of what players owed him from poker games; a poacher kicking out the windows of his berth while having a nightmare; Wally Schang and Ruth wrestling, until Schang lost his patience and tossed the immense Ruth into an upper bunk; his teammates watching Ernie Lombardi in repose, all of them mesmerized by

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HITTING WAS MY LIFE
Ted Williams
from *Sports Illustrated*, June 24, 1968

What Do Many Doctors Use When They Suffer Pain Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues?

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the sound of his frightful snoring, Duzzy Dean, with the help of a Cardinal quartet, destroying the lyrics of *The Hobash Cannonball*. Life on the rails . . . how childlike, how delightfully filled with the stuff of all those bad sports movies. Imagine the conversation between Jim Bagby of the Pirates and a stranger in the observation car.

"Can I borrow your paper?" asked Bagby, after introducing himself. The man gave him the paper, and then identified himself. He was from St. Louis.

"That's where we're playin' today," said Bagby. "What business are you in?"

"The bee business," replied the man.

"Is there money in bees?" asked Bagby. Yes, there was, he was told.

"How many do you have?"

"Oh . . . about a quarter of a million."

"Damn. Where do you keep them?"

"Boxes in the backyard."

"Don't they smother?"

"No," said the man. "I live across from the zoo, and I uncover them at 8 a.m. and they seem to enjoy going over to the zoo."

Bagby remained silent for a while and finally blurted: "Now, I believed you when you said you made money in the bee business and when you said that you had thousands of bees, but when you said the bees go over there when you let them out at 8 a.m., that's a lie. I know the zoo don't open till 9."

That conversation will seem out of place on the train of the future which, despite all of the present wrongheadedness, will surely be one with hissing doors, pressurized cars and the euphoric sensation of speeding over a cushion of air. It will be a train and for that we should be grateful, but who would ever favor it with the praise and extravagant sentiment that once belonged to the Twentieth Century Limited. "It was a train apart," wrote the late Lucius Beebe, "aloof, serene, incomparable—the sum of all excellence. It was at once a force of nature and a national showpiece. When it sailed each afternoon from its terminals in New York and Chicago and the red carpet of its going was rolled up

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The Pros



continued

for the night, each of its several sections became a self-contained microcosm of security, composure and the best of everything."

But all that was so long ago, when majesty and a different nation rode the rails, before the philosophy of the herd slowly strangled the small leasures, the civilized things that make life bearable, when time was something that people knew how to handle. Who knows what to do with time anymore? Technology has given us a prefabricated life of sprawling dimension, and from it we have been given more time for ourselves than people have ever known before. But it seems to confuse us, and we stand holding this precious gift as if it were a vial of poison; the national cry is: "I'm bored." The train, of course, means time. We are not comfortable in its presence. We and our attitude—more than the sorry contributions of unions, the government and rail executives—slew the train, a piece of Americana that so enriched us and helped us not to feel like strangers in our own land. Why is it, one wonders, that we always seem to prefer the sterile and run from those things that reveal our humanity? Call the train one of the metaphors of our times.

Whatever the train lacks these days, it still remains the best means of leisurely exploring the topography of the country. All that is required is some stoicism and patience, an appreciation for the gift of rare, cleansing aloneness and an appreciation of small, elusive things: tiny towns and deserted depots streaking by in the night; the last magnificent waving contours left in the land; the tintinnabulation of silverware in the dining car at breakfast; the visual choreography approaching a city; the flash of a pretty face in a car going the other way. It is, one supposes, not for everyone, and maybe it requires that one be in love with love, or would be kind to a certain kind of woman—a woman who was once coquettish. Then, the sudden flutter of a page in her life; the unseen turning of her season. Her blush is now rouge, her eyes mascara. Her gown is sadly much too gay.

END

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8

A roundup of the week Nov. 16-22

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BUCKING THE LEGEND

Sirs:

I have read a lot of absurd articles in my time, but Peter Carry's *The Best Team—Ever* (Nov. 15) takes the prize. Carry might be well on his way toward becoming the Tex Davis of basketball writers.

One does not have to create any "Dominance Index" to realize that the Boston Celtics, as Carry finally admits in the last line of his article, "were the best pro team in any sport." Their record of 11 championships in 13 years and the 11 banners hanging from the rafters of Boston Garden speak more eloquently than any index. I can recall the Philadelphia 76ers in 1967 and the New York Knicks in 1970 proclaiming to the world that they were the greatest teams ever and on their way to establishing dynasties that would surpass the Celtics. Well?

Certainly the Milwaukee Bucks have the potential to dominate the league for many years, but so did the 1967 76ers and the 1970 Knicks. The Bucks must earn the title, as did the Celtics, and not be given it by sportswriters who like to go out on limbs. After all, if the Celtics, who are certainly not one of the top teams in the league at this point, can defeat the Bucks as they have done this year, then the Bucks cannot expect to win the crown without a struggle.

I imagine Red Auerbach did a slow burn as he read Carry's article because Auerbach never conceded anything. His great teams proved themselves on the courts of battle rather than on the pages of magazines. Furthermore, it wouldn't surprise me in the least to see Auerbach rebuild his team and prevent Carry's assumption from becoming a reality.

BRIAN MCCORMICK

Duxbury, Mass.

Sirs:

Peter Carry's conjecture should beget an avalanche of mail from screaming fans. As a Milwaukee Buck fan, my appraisal is that Kareem Jabbar is fantastic, but Bill Russell's awesome record is in a class of its own. The Celtic record and the Russell legend are based upon year after year of determination and sacrifice. The upstart pretenders, including the Bucks, will have to dominate for the better part of a decade before they can even dream a phrase like "the best team—ever."

Players like Wilt Chamberlain, John Unitas and Henry Aaron managed a taste of team glory. Players like Bill Russell, Bart Starr and Mickey Mantle are among those fortunate enough to have fully savored the rewards of some of the best teams ever. Ask Oscar Robertson.

No, sir, the Bucks aren't great yet. And if Kareem Jabbar retires prematurely. . . .

THOMAS YOUNG

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

How can SE's "expert" be so stupid and premature as to call the Milwaukee Bucks the best team ever? Agreed, Jabbar is the best, or soon-to-be-best, center. Agreed, the Big O is one of the finest guards. But you were talking in terms of teams, not individuals. Jabbar never had to battle a young and healthy Chamberlain or Russell year after year. He battled a small Wes Unseld, a crippled Willis Reed and an old Wilt Chamberlain.

RANDY FOLTZ

State College, Pa.

Sirs:

Thanks to SI and Peter Carry for a fine article. The NBA is the toughest it has ever been, and with so many good teams, especially in the Bucks' Midwest Division, it is a wonder one team can still dominate. Could the old Lakers, Celtics or 76ers do today what the Bucks are doing? With Jabbar, the Bucks are making the biggest and best dynasty of the century.

TIM DAY

Milwaukee

Sirs:

Callo! Callo! Hooray for the Bucks. But a Dominance Index of 235%? What about the tertiary extrinsic apurtenance? It's .047%, of course. And how can you possibly ignore the floormat rebound relation? Obviously, it is -.2347%. Adding these very important statistics will significantly alter the DI. In the future, gentlemen, please keep your arbitrary analyses of the abstract correct in all essentials.

MIKE KOSTICH

Northfield, Minn.

TED GREEN'S STORY

Sirs:

The article by Ted Green with Al Hirschberg (*My First Last River*, Nov. 15) was a fantastic account of Green's fight to get back into action after suffering brain damage and partial paralysis in an ice hockey brawl. This article emphasizes the extreme roughness in the game. I must admire Green's courage in his miraculous comeback.

CRAIG F. LOUDY

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

Undoubtedly you will be receiving letters from hockey fans arguing that you should not have published this article, since it may

tend to give hockey a bad image and also because it might be a bad influence on young players. I wholeheartedly disagree with this attitude. SE's job, among other things, is to portray sports as they really are, and not as the fans and the owners wish they were. Furthermore, it is of crucial importance for young players to realize that fights on the ice can result in injuries that prove to be far more serious than the usual cuts and bruises.

I should also like to point out a fact that Mr. Green appears to have overlooked. If NHL players are going to insist upon acting like barroom brawlers on the ice, then they are not going to be justified in complaining when such conduct leads to its natural consequences, namely, serious injury and criminal prosecution.

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Providence

Sirs:

Was this article written to condemn Wayne Maki, defend Ted Green, give a fair account of what happened or simply entertain the readers? One point becomes clear through all of this. Once a player builds a reputation as a fighter or a tough guy, he usually spends more time living up to this reputation than he does playing hockey. Other players have realized this and abandoned the tough-guy role in order to play better hockey. Stan Mikita is an example.

JOHN D'AMOROSO

Mundelein, Ill.

Sirs:

Although I sympathize with Ted Green over the horrible injury that felled him, I cannot forget something he said: "Sparring is a filthy trick." It seems Ted has had a lapse of memory.

My fellow SI subscribers will probably express their deepest sympathies for Ted and their anger with Maki, but let's not make Terrible Ted a saint. He is far from it.

MARK GLASER

Hewlett, N.Y.

Sirs:

I would like to say thank you to one outstanding ice hockey player, Teddy Green. Too many times sports heroes are put on pedestals. With this article I'm sure he has made us all realize and begin to understand how hard it was for him to skate again. He might never regain his position as Terrible Teddy, but he'll always be an example of courage and direct honesty. Yay, Teddy.

BETSY RUSSELL

Schuette, Mass.

continued

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15TH HOLE *continued*

SUPER CHIEF

Sirs:

I'd like to congratulate Robert Boyle for his excellent article on Otis Taylor and the Kansas City Chiefs (*Call It Catch-ou-Catch-ou*, Nov. 15). No. 89 can indeed do it all, catch, throw, run and leap. He's got the quickness. He's got the moves. He's got the strength. He can often be found concentrating on the opposing receivers, and he works hard in learning their moves. He wants to learn more so he can become an even better ballplayer. His attitude is excellent, and his dedication is certainly apparent. But Quarterback Len Dawson said it best: "He has such great reflexes and great hands but it isn't the hands—it's the head." Otis Taylor does use his head out there, and that's just another asset in making him the super athlete he is. Now I ask you, how much closer can a player come to perfection?

LEE FRYER

Norristown, Pa.

POSTGRADUATE POTENTIAL

Sirs,

It was a great choice to have Gary Wickard of C. W. Post College as the subject of the feature article of your COLLEGE FOOTBALL section (*At C.W. on L.I., the Q.B. Is O.K.*, Sept. 24, Nov. 15). I'm glad to see that you have given him the recognition he so well deserves.

I've seen Wickard play many times and he has the size, poise and great arm to make the pros. After watching all the top quarterbacks perform, I agree with Y. A. Tittle's statement, "He might have the best arm I've ever seen."

JACK EISENSTADT

Glen Cove, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a student at C. W. Post, I can say that William Reed's quips about the campus environment are extremely accurate. In addition his analysis of Post football and Gary Wickard's prospects of becoming a pro was very aptly handled. All in all, a very perceptive and entertaining article.

RICHARD KAHN

Massapequa, N.Y.

THE SAPPORO SCENE

Sirs:

Thanks to SI and William Johnson for the great preview of the Winter Olympics at Sapporo (*Go East, Young Olympians*, Nov. 15). It is undoubtedly the most hilarious and entertaining article I've read in ages. Television and other entertainment ratings surely suffer at midweek when SI appears on the newstands and in the mailbox.

CHARLES D. HEWITT

Cincinnati

continued

"To go after big business you need confidence. We get a lot of it from our bank."

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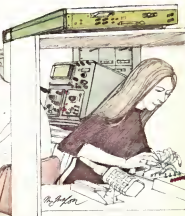
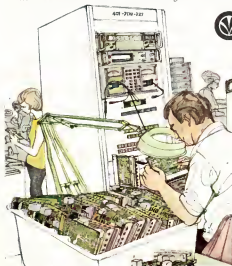
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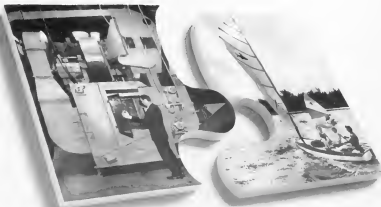
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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

William Johnson's delightful description of Hokkaido, together with the facts regarding the 1972 Winter Games, was excellent. I was surprised to note that the island and its people have changed little since I was a visitor in Sapporo in late 1945. I can attest to the deep snows and cold, but I hardly expected the unpainted frame houses to remain unchanged. Our recreation consisted of shopping for carved bears and a visit to the communal steam baths in a resort hotel near Muroran.

FRANK H. BOOTH

Nephil, Utah

THE RANGERS' PARK

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey has done it again (*Lafayette in This Park Is Forbidden*, Nov. 8)! Thanks so much for capturing the Bobby Orr of New York in action. The "new" New York Rangers, with the most potent line in the NHL—Vic Hadfield, Jean Ratelle and Rod Gilbert—have lifted themselves right to the top of the Eastern Division, ahead of those men from Montreal and those bad guys from Beantown.

Brad Park, the second greatest defenseman, is a hockey player and not a place in which to get mugged. The Rangers and Mr. Park will go all the way this year although it has been 30 years since a Stanley Cup has reached the Big City. The Montreal Canadiens have had it long enough.

ALAN BOYTON

Carteret, N.J.

Sirs:

Thanks for your article on Brad Park. I'm glad to see that he is finally getting the recognition he deserves. New Yorkers are beginning to realize that there is someone else in the city besides Willie Reed and Joe Namath.

JOHN MCCREARY

Brooklyn

SNOB APPEAL

Sirs:

Regarding your fine story, *A Jump Ahead of Extinction* (Nov. 8); if sleepchasing dies in America it will be because it has too much snob appeal here for the average sports fan. For it to survive there must be some strong efforts made to attract the interest of the 52 bettors. It isn't their fear of inconsistent performances by jumpers. They just don't associate themselves with a sport they feel belongs in society columns rather than on sports pages.

Maybe we can learn from the English and the Irish. There is great interest and participation in the sport by the common man in those countries.

JACK WOOD

Charlotte, N.C.

continued



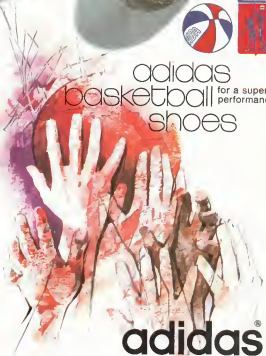
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19TH HOLE continued

UNEXAGGERATED GROWTH

Sirs:

Those of us who have been concerned with the rise of soccer in North America since 1966 are most grateful for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's report on the North American Soccer League (*Are We Finally Starting To Dig The World's Game?* Oct. 4). William Greve's subsequent letter in 19th HOLE on the State of Washington's youth program and its 700-team exchange program with British Columbia points out the direction in which soccer is going. Youth programs such as these lead the way to more and more participation in high school, college and, eventually, NASL soccer. And there are many other programs in cities like San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Boston and Philadelphia, where more than 11,000 fans attended the recent Penn-Harvard game at Franklin Field.

Just one point of correction, Mr. Greve took me to task for overstating the number of teams in the exchange program. In fact the figures quoted came from a colleague of Mr. Greve's. Soccer doesn't exaggerate its growth figures; it doesn't need to.

PHIL WOODMAN
Commissioner

North American Soccer League
New York City

WARM WINTER GAMING

Sirs:

I don't know whether it was a case of Duxbak not selling or Gil Phillips not buying out there in New Mexico back in 1964 (*There's No Place Like Foam*, Nov. 8), but I can assure you that one or the other was missing the boat (or the foam).

Duxbak, a Utica, N.Y. firm in which I have no interest other than as a trusted name, is no newcomer to the field of sporting apparel. I don't know how long they've been in business, but I do know that my grandfather spoke of his Duxbak hunting coat and his favorite setter with almost the same reverence.

Duxbak has marketed insulated underwear in the form of polyurethane foam sandwiched between two layers of nylon cloth since at least 1960. I know, for I purchased a suit in that year and still am using it.

One of the more interesting things about this type of garment—something Pamela Knight did not mention—is that, while it will keep one warm in the pre-dawn cold, it also will not become unbearably hot after the sun rises.

JAMES RYAN
Environment Writer
St. Petersburg Times

St. Petersburg, Fla.

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